THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

Dr A H Strickler 14Feby83

VOL. LII.—NO. 31. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1883. WHOLE NO. 2534.

THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY BY THE PUBLICATION BOARD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

Office, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ For Terms &c., see Business Department.

Poetry.

AMONG THE FURNACES.

By Clara Thwaites.

Out of the crucible fires,
Out of the scorching glow,
Out of the rushing flames,
Where fusing metals flow—
Out of the horrible glare,
Out of the melting fire,
Cometh a crystal vase!
Chalice for choice desire.

O workman, steady and brave,
Flinch not thou for the flame!
Into the "glory-hole,"
Dip the rod for thy fame.
And breathe and blow and turn,
Measure and hand of skill
Shall fashion the golden ball
After the workman's will.

Out of the crucible fires,
Out of the terrible pain,
Out of the anguish sore,
Troubled and tortured brain,
Cometh a radiant soul,
Fair to the workman's view,
Glistening, bright and clear,
Transmitting heaven's hue.

O workman, tender and true!
Out of the furnace choose
A form that pleaseth Thee,
Meet for the Master's use.
Stand by Thy furnace fires,
Breathe and fashion and mould,
From crucible and flame
It shall come forth as gold!

Hath it lost in the heat
Aught that was fair and good?
Trust ye the workman's will!
He by the furnace stood.
Out of the chastening fires
Cometh a white-robed throng,
Every heart and lip
A chalice of holy song.

—*Churchman.*

Communications.

REV. JOHN PENCE.

Rev. John Pence (written originally Bentz), son of Henry Pence, and his wife Catharine, whose maiden name was Manger, was born in Rockingham county, Va., December 13th, 1799. He descended from Christian parents, his father being a member of the Lutheran Church, and his mother of the Reformed Church. He was consecrated to the Lord by baptism in the Peaked Mountain Church, July 2d, 1800, by Rev. John Brown. About 1810 his parents removed to Warren Co., O., and settled in the vicinity of Springboro, where he spent the next ten years of his life with his parents in farming.

From early life he was tender-hearted and susceptible of serious impressions, being of a sympathetic nature and easily moved to tears, and as early as his fifteenth year he became religiously inclined, and deeply exercised about his soul's salvation. Feeling that he was a sinner in the sight of God, he sought the Lord with a believing heart, and after much spiritual conflict, he realized the pardoning favor of God, and was enabled to rejoice in the hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. And having attended a course of catechetical instruction, with fifteen other young persons, and making a public profession of religion through faith in the Saviour, he with the other catechumens, was received by confirmation into full communion with the Reformed Church, in the old log church of the Salem (now Springboro) congregation in June, 1817, by Rev. Thomas Winters.

Soon after his conversion he became impressed with the idea of being called to preach the gospel of grace and salvation to his fellow men. These impressions became gradually deepened and strengthened, especially so after he had publicly consecrated himself to the service of God, and regularly united with the Church. But, as in the case of many worthy and pious young men, he could see no way open to secure the necessary preparations for the sacred and responsible office of the gospel ministry. He lacked pecuniary means as well as a proper preparatory education; and no kind friend appeared to proffer assistance, or speak a word of encouragement. The Lord, however, had a work for him to do, and gradually opened the way, and enabled him in due time to become an ambassador for Christ. During the interval of about three years between his union with the church and his entering upon a course of study, nothing specially transpired, as he continued to labor on the farm until he was over twenty-one years of age.

His early educational advantages were meager and unsatisfactory. The first winter after settling in Ohio, his father taught him the German alphabet, and in about two or three months he had progressed so far in the German language as to be able to master "common easy reading." In the following spring he started to an English school taught in the neighborhood. The whole of his primary or preparative education was received in the common schools, as they then existed in the State of Ohio, under five or six different teachers. This course of education, confined to three or four months in a year, extended in the aggregate to scarcely two years. Meanwhile, as opportunity offered, he read good and useful books, and especially the Bible in which he became well versed.

With this preparatory training, under the divine blessing, he commenced his theological studies on the 21st of May, 1821, with Rev. Thomas Winters, at Germantown, O., and continued them about three years with commendable zeal and success. During this time he also pursued (to a limited extent) some historical and scientific studies. At the end of eighteen months, because of a want of means, he was compelled to teach a common school for three months, near Schleiffer's church, five miles north of Germantown. In the spring of 1823 his parents removed from Warren County to a farm in the vicinity of the Schleiffer's Church. This proved a pecuniary advantage to him, as he could again board at *home*, and was thus enabled to fully resume his studies, reciting once a week to his preceptor, at Germantown, until May, 1824.

Having completed his allotted studies, and receiving a call from the Union charge, he traveled in June about 200 miles on horseback to New Philadelphia, O., to attend the annual meeting of the Ohio Classis, which was there on the 14th of June, officially merged into the Ohio Synod of the Reformed church; and on making application to the Synod he was examined, licensed and ordained on the 15th of June, 1824, in connection with David Winters and Jacob Descombes. These were the *first* young men who received ordination by authority of the Ohio Synod.

Now, being clothed with the functions of the gospel ministry, and conscious of the responsibility of the sacred office, he entered on his pioneer work with zeal and devotion, and soon became "abundant in labors." His first field of labor was the Union charge within the present limits of Miami Classis, consisting of three congregations, namely, Frieden's (now Mt. Pisgah at Lawrenceville) in Clarke Co., Salem in Champaign County, and Stillwater in Montgomery County. In the winter of 1824–25 he organized a new congregation near Hyattsville, in Miami County, known as Worman's, until 1845, when it was called Emanuel's. These four congregations properly constituted the Union charge, though occasionally including one or two others for a few years, but his missionary operations extended to other points, which, in course of time, grew into congregations. Between 1830 and 1834 he commenced preaching in Shelby County, north of Sidney, and had to travel forty miles every four weeks in going thither. In 1835 he began to serve the New Providence congregation, continuing his pastorate three years, and also had to travel forty miles every four weeks to meet his appointments. He also preached at some other points, and his labors ultimately extended over four counties. Thus, in connection with his regular charge, he operated a large mission field, and out of his charge in the broader sense, and on the territory he originally traveled and seeded, gradually grew the St. Paris, the Port Jefferson and the Salem charges.

His pastorate in the Union charge continued from 1824 to 1847, a period of about twenty-three years, and during this period, being full of vigor and energy, he achieved the best results of his ministry, as his reported statistics show, viz: Baptisms, 1,165; confirmations, 407; communicants, 4,357, and funerals, 266.

In 1826, during his pastorate in the Union charge, he was appointed as the *first* missionary of the Ohio Synod, and during that and the three succeeding years, he made an exploring tour through southern Indiana, visiting different points, preaching the gospel to the destitute, administering the ordinance of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and imparting instruction, consolation and encouragement to the "scattered flock of Israel."

From 1847 to 1850 he was without a charge, but meanwhile acted as a Bible colporteur, canvassing four townships in Clark and Miami Counties, O., preaching occasionally, and making several brief missionary tours to Indiana.

From 1850 to 1851 he served or supplied the Second Reformed Church of Tiffin, the congregations at Caroline (Baseline) and McCutchenville, and the Salem congregation, about four miles from Fremont.

From 1851 to 1853 he had no charge, but was part ... engaged in Bible and missionary work.

In the spring of 1853 he accepted a call to the Basil charge, in Fairfield County, Ohio, but in consequence of impaired health resigned at the end of one year.

From 1854 to 1860 he was without a charge, being for several years more or less ill, but subsequently did some Bible and missionary work.

In 1860 he organized two congregations in Randolph County, Indiana, and served them two years, or until 1862. This was his *last* charge, but during the interim of twenty one years (1862–83), he was not secluded nor inactive, nor did he lose interest in the church and spiritual things; but he generally, on Sabbath, united in the service of the sanctuary and Sunday-school, occasionally preaching and assisting at communions, regularly at classis and not infrequently at Synod.

The reminiscences and incidents of his early ministry, had they been more fully preserved on record, would now be read with thrilling interest, and lead to a better understanding of the privations, hardships and inconveniences he endured in his pioneer work. He had to encounter not only moral, but also natural difficulties and obstacles in the form of bad roads, swollen streams, inclement weather and threatening dangers. A few of these are here noted:

1. On his first missionary tour in September, 1826, to Indiana, he passed along down the Ohio River to the Falls above Louisville, and having been instructed to visit Brunnerstown, (now Jeffersonville), in Kentucky, he was necessitated to cross the river just above the Falls in a frail ferry boat, while the water was deep with a strong current. The undertaking was regarded as a very perilous one, but under divine protection he safely reached the opposite shore and engaged in his assigned work.

2. In the latter part of the month of May, 1828, he arranged to attend the meeting of the Ohio Synod at Canton, Ohio, and on a certain day after dinner started on his way towards Springfield. When about four miles from home, he was overtaken by a terrific whirlwind, which caused devastation and destruction in its cours, upsetting fences, unroofing buildings and blowing down trees. Two large trees fell prostrate near him and some of the branches passed over his head. To save himself from being carried away or dashed against some object, he laid himself flat on the ground. His horse got away, and his hat and buffalo robe became lost and never recovered. As the whirlwind soon abated, he at once returned home, (where no whirlwind had existed), and borrowed a hat of his brother-in-law, and again started on his journey, and met the other delegates at Springfield, namely, Revs. Thomas Winters, David Winters and Henry Hie stand. They then pursued their journey together. In a few days they were again confronted by danger. In coming to the junction of the White Woman and Tuscarawas Rivers, both having risen to the highest water mark, there was no way of crossing but on a common ferry boat, and the distance across was nearly half a mile. There was a halt and a pause! But finally the four delegates, with trust in God, ventured on the boat and safely landed on the "other shore," and pursuing their journey arrived at Canton on Sunday afternoon, June 1, 1828.

3. In his early ministry, in order to meet his appointments, he had frequently to cross the Miami River, at all stages of the water, about five miles south of Troy, in Miami County, and at times not without danger. The process was in this wise: He would first strip his horse of saddle, blanket and saddle-bags, then lead him to the side of the canoe or skiff and keep a tight hold of the rein, while the ferryman would work the oars with good effect, and make a safe landing on the opposite shore.

During the first thirty years of his ministry he traveled at the rate of about 2,000 miles per year, mostly on horseback, besides about 15,000 miles on railroads and otherwise, a total of 75,000 miles; and including his travels in the remaining twenty-nine years, he traveled, perhaps, during the whole period of his ministry between 90,000 and 100,000 miles. And the results of his ministry, as far as these can now be ascertained in the absence of a complete record, are as follows: Baptisms 1,212, confirmations 422, marriages 245, funerals 276, and organized nine congregations.

He preached his first sermon, while a student, in the German language, in February, 1822, in the Schleiffer church, five miles north of Germantown, from II. Peter ii. 9; and his last sermon in the English language in the Reformed Church at Tremont City, on Friday, April 6, 1883, on the occasion of the funeral of Reuben Sagers, from Matt. xxiv. 44: "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

He was married, June 7, 1827, at the residence of the bride's parents, to Miss Margaret Jones, by Rev. David Winters; and in this union they had nine children, three sons and six daughters, of whom one son and three daughters preceded the father to the "world beyond"—leaving as mourners a devoted wife, two sons, and three daughters, nineteen grand-children and seven great grand-children, together with a large circle of friends. Soon after his marriage he secured a pleasant homestead, including ten acres of land, nearly two miles west of Tremont, Clark County, Ohio, and became permanently settled there, continuing to live there during the succeeding years of his long and eventful life, and having Tremont for his post-office (now called Tremont City).

Father Pence inherited a vigorous constitution, and with little exception enjoyed continuously good health, manifesting even after having passed the goal of "four score years" much of the vigor and spring of youth. Nor was he called at the last to endure a lengthened period of sickness and suffering. Twelve days previous to his final departure he preached a funeral sermon, and he was in the enjoyment of his usual health up to Saturday, April 16th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., when he was suddenly taken with a heavy chill, assuming somewhat of a congestive nature with a slight tendency to pneumonia. He gradually grew weaker, without any pain or suffering, and on Wednesday morning, the 18th of April, 1883, at 7.30 o'clock, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, aged 83 years, 4 months and 5 days.

The funeral occurred on Friday, April 20th. On a silver plate on the coffin lid, besides his name and date of death, was engraved this significant motto: "Rest in peace." His remains were conveyed from his late residence to the Mt. Pisgah Reformed Church at Lawrenceville (formerly Noblesville), a distance of about two and a half miles, where a large concourse of people assembled to manifest their respect for their aged pioneer father, and their sympathy with the bereaved family, as well as to unite in the solemnities of the occasion. The sermon, founded on Psalm xc. 10, 12, was preached by Rev. Isaac H. Reiter, D. D., who also read a sketch of the life and labors of the deceased. The other ministers present, and taking part in the services, were Revs. Daniel E. Taylor and Solomon Ream, of the Reformed Church, and Rev. John A. White, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the services in the church, the remains of Father Pence were laid to rest in the adjoining graveyard by the side of his four children, with appropriate services conducted by Rev. Taylor, to await the awakening fiat of the resurrection unto life and glory! Near by is also the grave of Rev. John Peter Dechant, whose death was caused by injuries received from a falling tree, and whose remains were interred here in 1824.

Father Pence, whatever may have been his infirmities or failings, was a truly Christian man, sincerely and devoutly pious, living much in the spirit of prayer, and making the divine will his rule of action. His private life bore evidence of strict integrity and consistency, and his ministerial career was marked by honesty and fidelity. Even if he erred in judgment or zeal, he was right in motive and honest in purpose. He often felt his weakness, but sought his "sufficiency" in God. The chief aim of his Christian efforts was to promote the glory of God, and to secure the salvation of souls. Properly considered he may be said to have achieved a good and enduring work in his day, ever accepting and teaching the Word of God as inspired and true, and firmly believing the doctrine of divine providence and grace. He had a confiding trust in Jesus Christ as *his* Redeemer and Saviour, and was always ready to give an answer in regard to the hope that was in him. For him to live was Christ, and to die was gain. He continued steadfast in the faith and hope of the gospel unto the end. His ministry has ceased on earth, and he has gone to his blessed reward. "Rest in peace."

I. H. Reiter, *in Christian World.*

AMARANTH A TYPE OF THE CHURCH.

Amaranth grows in August, and is more a stalk than a flower, is easily broken off, yet grows fair and flourishing after being broken. And when all the flowers are over, if this stalk is sprinkled with water and made moist it becomes fair and green, so that in winter wreaths and garlands can be twined of it.

For this reason it is called amaranth, because it neither fades nor withers.

I know not that anything can be more like the Church than this amaranth, which we call a thousandfold fair (Tausendschön). For although the church washes her robes in the blood of the Lamb (as it is written in Genesis and in the Apocalypse), and is stained crimson, yet she is fairer than any state or community on earth. And she alone it is whom the Son of God loves as His Bride, in whom He has joy and rest.

Moreover, the Church suffers herself easily to be broken and crushed; that is, she is willing and contented to be obedient to God under the Cross, is patient therein, and springs up again fair and flourishing, and grows and spreads, yea, gains her best fruits and uses thence, for thereby she learns truly to apprehend God, freely to confess His doctrine, and brings forth far more beautiful and heavenly virtues.

Finally, the body and stock of this true Amaranth remain entire and cannot be uprooted, however great may be the rage and assaults against particular branches, so as to rend them away. For as the amaranth, thousandfold fair, cannot fade or decay, so nevermore can the Church fade or decay, be destroyed or rooted up. But what is more wonderful than the amaranth? If it is sprinkled with water and laid therein, it becomes green and fresh again, as if awakened from the dead.

So, we can have no doubt that the Church will be awakened by God from the grave, and will come forth living, eternally to praise, glorify and bless the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His Son our Redeemer and Lord, with the Holy Ghost.

For although other empires, kingdoms, principalities, and dominions have their changes, and soon fade and fall away like flowers, this Kingdom, on the contrary, has roots so firm and deep, that by no force nor might can it be torn up or laid waste, but abides for ever.—*Luther.*

Family Reading.

PUTTING IN THE SHADE.

'Twas his little daughter's portrait—
Child as a lily fair;
Clear as some crystal stream her eye,
Sunlit her golden hair.
He blent his colors tenderly;
Love was in every hue
That decked the canvas pale, whereon
His darling's face he drew.

"What dost thou, darling father, now?"
The little maid would say;
"And why that darkness on the brow
I saw not yesterday?
Such somber hues are not for me—
I love the light," she said.
"My little daughter," answered he,
"I'm putting in the shade.

"'Twere not a perfect picture, if
The dark lights were away;
To show the brightness needeth yet
The help of shadows gray:
Be patient, little maiden mine,—
No shadow without sun!
How dark was needed thou shalt see
When all the work is done!"

. . . . . .

Oh 'twas the Master Painter, in
Her early morning tide,
That called that little maiden from
Her doating father's side;
And left the old man weeping lone
Beside her little face,
Still smiling from the canvas in
Its innocence and grace.

"'Tis well, O Heavenly Master! well!"
The old man softly said;
"To make my picture perfect, thou
Art putting in the shade:
Be patient, restless spirit, then—
No shadow without sun!
The dark was needed thou wilt see
When all the work is done."

—*Month.*

WHY I PAY BILLS WHEN DUE;

Or, Aunt Grace's Story.

Henrietta H. Holdich.

"Oh, dear!" said Rose Howard as she looked at the paper which the servant handed her. "That wretched girl is in a desperate hurry to send in her bill for embroidery. Twenty dollars! just what I had saved to pay for the bonnet and gloves which I must have if I go to Mrs. Lorimer's reception. I did not expect this bill until I had my next month's allowance. Well, she must wait, that's all."

"I would not make her wait, if I were you, Rose," said Miss Grace Rowan, looking up from her sewing.

"Why, it is only ten days," said Rose. 'Papa always gives me my allowance on the first day of the month, and to-day is the twenty-first."

"Nevertheless I would pay her bill to-day," said Miss Rowan, earnestly. "If it will be of any use to you I would much rather lend you the money. I can, probably, do without it better than she can."

"Thank you, Aunt Grace, but that would not do at all," said Rose. "When papa consented to give me a regular allowance it was on condition that I should never borrow a penny from any one. But why are you so anxious that the bill should be paid at once? Do you know anything about this girl that you are so sure she is in need of the money?"

"No," said Miss Rowan, "I know nothing about her. It is only on general principles that I am speaking. Not exactly, either. If you choose I will tell you why I never delay a day in paying a bill sent in by a poor person, above all by a poor young girl."

"A story," said Rose, gayly. "Oh that is delightful, I am as fond of stories now as I was at ten years old. It just comes at the right time, too, for mamma wants me to finish this table-cloth, and I do get so tired of these conventional borders, just the same thing over and over, but a story will make me forget it. Do go on, Aunty."

Rose settled herself comfortably in her low sewing-chair, and dropped her dark lashes over her pretty blue eyes. Aunt Grace smiled a little at her eagerness, then sighed faintly and began her tale.

"It is a story of the days when I was an elderly young girl, living at home with my parents," she said. "And the heroine of the story—you remember those flower-paintings which you have so often admired at my home, Rose?"

"Remember them? Of course I do. Those great velvety pansies with the dew-drops standing upon their purple petals. And the sweet peas, with rings of dainty flush over tremulous white, looking as if a breath would blow them away. And, oh aunty! those exquisite maple buds and catkins, the soft, furry white 'pussies,' mingled with the bright scarlet of the bursting buds. It is like a dream of early spring. But how do they come into your story, aunty?" asked Rose, lifting wide eyes of interest to her aunt's face.

"Only because the painter of those pictures is the heroine of it," said Aunt Grace. "Cara Hastings was her name. She was much younger than I, an orphan, fighting her way single-handed with the world. Pretty? Well, rather pretty, not very. She had a slight, graceful figure, dark, wistful eyes set in a small, pale face, flexible, tremulous lips and a profusion of soft, dark, wavy hair, which framed her broad forehead like a cloud.

"I met her first at the studio of a friend, and in spite of the two years, difference in our ages, we took a mutual fancy to each other. After that I was often at her studio, poor little bare place that it was! One room served for everything—kitchen, parlor, studio, bed-room, yes, and reception-room for her pupils. A broad lounge served for her bed by night, and one corner of the room was curtained off to conceal her toilet apparatus. Her cooking, such as it was, was accomplished upon a small kerosene stove, which, when not in use, she kept in her closet. A poor little place, as I said, but Cara was very happy in it. She loved her work, and she had one of those bright, happy dispositions which make their own sunshine. She often talked to me of her pupils, but the one of whom she spoke oftenest was Maud X. I knew the name well, for the father of this Maud was one of the most prominent clergymen in the city where we both lived. Every one respected him irrespective of denomination. He was not only an eloquent preacher and a profound scholar, of fervid piety and blameless life. He was also a philanthropist, a reformer, prominent in the temperance cause, in the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in everything that was good and noble. Cara often spoke of him with enthusiasm.

"'It is not only that Maud is such a darling,' she said, 'but I feel it such an honor to be associated in any way with the family of such a man!'

"All this was in the winter. Spring came, and everybody was leaving town. I did not go, although all my family did, simply because I did not care to. There is such a pleasant feeling and sense of solitude in a large city through July and August that I meant to put off my 'outing' until late September. Cara did not go away either, and we saw a good deal of each other. It was not an unalloyed joy to me, though, for, watching her, I saw that day by day her cheek grew paler and thinner, her step slower, her eye more feverishly bright.

"'What is the matter with you, Cara,' I often asked anxiously, but she only smiled and protested that nothing ailed her, that she was only a little tired with the hot weather. When fall came she would be herself again.

"I urged her to go out of town, or at least to come and stay for a while with me in our large, empty house, but no.

"'I must work, you know,' said Cara, 'must work harder than ever now, that my pupils have all left me for the summer. I could not work with you. My mind would be continually disturbed, and —No, no, my studio is much the best place for me.'

"'But why work so hard?' I said, 'Why not take a holiday? Your lessons of last winter surely brought you in enough to enable you to rest awhile now. There were Maud X.'s lessons, which alone would bring you in a small fortune, you said.'

"'A small fortune? Yes, but small fortunes will not last forever,' said Cara, slowly. "How do I know that I shall have any pupils next year? How do I know?'

"There was a short, sharp knock at the studio door and a letter fell through the slit upon the floor. Cara sprang to pick it up, glanced at the address, which I saw was in a masculine hand, and a faint flush tinged her pale cheeks. I turned away to look at a picture, while she tore open the envelope. When I turned back the flush had faded, and left her paler than before, her lips were quivering a little, and her eyes had a dim, hopeless look, which moved me sorely.

"'Cara you are *not* well,' I cried. 'Dear child, you must come with me. You shall do exactly as you please. You shall have a room with a north light and be alone when you like, and no one shall ask you a question. We will make excursions into the country, and you shall sketch while I read, and—'

"But Cara stopped me with a motion of her hand 'No, no,' she said, 'I cannot come. Do not make it harder for me to refuse by urging me. I must stay here—there is no other place for me.'

"Her tone was so decided that I felt it would be useless to urge her further and, sadly and reluctantly I left her. That night came the news of the severe illness of your mother, my only sister, accompanied with an entreaty that I would go to her. Of course I went by the first train next morning, leaving only a note for Cara, to explain my sudden departure.

"It was the first of August when I had left the city, but September had come and well-nigh gone before your mother's health was sufficiently re established to enable me to leave her.

"'I saw your friend Cara Hastings today,' said one of the family, as we gathered around the table for the first meal after my return. 'I am afraid the poor girl is in a bad way. She was always fragile, but now she is shadowy. She has a settled cough and a hectic color She looked very pretty, but I should be sorry to see any dear friend of mine looking pretty in just the same way!'

"I need not say that the next morning found me on my way to Cara's studio. It was all true I knew it as soon as I looked in her face. She threw herself into my arms with a little cry of delight, which changed into a spasm of coughing, and I felt the slight form pant and quiver in my arms.

"Cara! dear child, what have you been doing to yourself,' I cried in dismay.

"Cara smiled her own bright, cheerful smile.

"'I have had a very hard summer,' she said, 'but I shall soon be strong again. Now that it is all over I can tell you about it, but at one time I really thought that I should never live to do so.

"It was not a romantic story, for there was no love in it, and no tragedy, save as I plainly foresaw, looking in my poor Cara's face.

"'I suppose I was rather extravagant in the spring,' said Cara, 'for I needed a good many things, and I knew that the money for Maud X.'s lessons would keep me all summer. Maud and her mother left town rather suddenly in June, and I did not know where they had gone. I sent my bill to the house, however, not doubting that it would be paid at once. I waited a month, and in the meantime my funds ran very low, and I found that the strictest economy was necessary. Do what I would, however, the money melted away like water, and at last, in despair, I resolved to write to Dr. X. It was a hard thing to do, but I did it, merely telling him that I had sent in my bill to Mrs. X. at such a date, and having heard nothing from her, feared that it had not been forwarded. It seemed to me that life and death hung upon the answer, yet I did not really doubt that he would send the money at once. His answer came one day while you were with me.'

"'I remember,' I said, briefly.

"'There was no money enclosed, as I had expected,' continued Cara. 'He merely informed me that the bills for Maud's lessons and schooling were always settled by Mrs. X; that the bill had been duly forwarded to her, and that, no doubt, she would settle it promptly upon her return in September And I had just sixty cents in the world!'

"'My poor Cara!' I cried, 'What did you do?'

"'Do? What was there to do?' said Cara. 'Fortunately, my rent was paid for three months in advance, so that I was sure of a shelter at least. For the rest, I lived for a month upon that sixty cents. Of course I could not afford to buy fuel, so bread and water constituted my entire diet. Two rolls a day are not very satisfactory, but it was all I could afford. Two cents a day will not set a luxurious table. Hungry? I think I was not so much hungry as weak. The worst of all was that I could not paint. I had not the strength to stand before the easel, and my hand shook so that I could not manage the brushes, and, sometimes, it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not feel so badly about it. It is all over now.'

"For I was crying silently at the thought of all that she had suffered through that horrible summer, and still more at the thought that it was *not* all over, that, alas! it had just begun.

"Oh, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed at last.

"'Dear, I could not,' said Cara, gently. 'I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my straits, and I could not go and live upon you, knowing that I was actually a pauper. I should have felt ashamed even before your servants. If you will ask me for a visit now that I have money enough to make me independent, I will come; but at that time I could not—I tried, but, indeed, I could not.'

"Ask her? of course I asked her, knowing well that it was the last thing I should ever do for her. That month's starvation had done its work, and the weakened system fell an easy victim to the hereditary foe, which might else have been baffled When Cara left our house, at last, it was with hands meekly folded upon her breast, with the sightless eyes veiled by their long, dark lashes, and the smile of the triumphant redeemed upon her pallid lips"

Aunt Grace's lips were quivering and her eyes dim with tears as she finished her story. Rose had dropped her work, and sat with her eyes fixed upon her aunt's face.

"How did Dr. X feel when he heard of it?" she asked, at last.

"He never knew it," said Aunt Grace. "When I take up the religious or secular papers and read the burning and eloquent words in which he pleaded the cause of some benevolent object, I wonder what he would say if he knew the true story of the life and death of his daughter's drawing teacher, little Cara Hastings."

"But he ought to know it," said Rose, indignantly.

"It was hardly his fault, after all," said Aunt Grace, gently. "He could never imagine of what consequence a sum of money, which seemed trifling to him, might be to a poor girl. But that is the reason why I always pay my bills promptly, Rose."

Rose stood up, put away her work and crewels, and left the room. A few minutes afterward she returned, cloaked and hatted for the street.

"Thank you for your story, Aunt Grace," she said, as she buttoned her glove. "I am going down now to pay that bill, and as for Mrs Lorimer's reception—well, I can wear my old bonnet or stay at home."

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

Of the foreign Jews in Jerusalem, the division is usually made into Spanish speaking, or Sephardim, and the Askenaim, or German speaking Jews. The former, by far the higher and more intellectual, as well as more manly, class of Israelites, are descendants of the exiles driven out of Spain, about the end of the fifteenth century, by Ferdinand and Isabella, in their zeal to serve the church by the extirpation of heretics. That class of men at the time of their expulsion filled high posts at the Spanish Court, were well educated and enlightened, and some of their traits have descended to their posterity. The Sephardim may be regarded as the aristocratic portion, and their pride both of race and faith is very great, even under the adverse circumstances of their position, which it must require a strong faith to sustain, when escape from them is so easy, as many of these have both the means and intelligence to emigrate and prosper in other lands.

The Askenain, of Polish or German descent, exhibit more of the peculiarities of their Teutonic than Jewish nationality, for they usually have fair or red hair, blue eyes, and fair complexions, while the former more resemble the native Jew in color of hair and eyes, complexion, and clear-cut, medallion-like features. There may occasionally be seen most lovely female faces among the Sephardim—faces which recall the memory of a Ruth or a Rebekah, a Miriam or a Judith, in soft womanly sweetness of expression, or strong passion lurking in the depths of dark unfathomable eyes.

Both men and women usually wear the Eastern dress, and the latter seldom stir from home, fearful of insult, living all of them the lives of the flying-fish, which finds its enemies equally in the water and in the air, since Turk, Arab, and nominal Christian, all deem it a merit to maltreat the ancient denizen of the soil, and the mercy of the Mussulman is his only law. —*Sunday Magazine.*

A SONG BY LOUIS BARNAVAL.

Amber mist
Lightly kissed
By the sun of May capricious,
Yellow haze
In the maze
Leafy of the trees delicious.
Down the street
Glimpses fleet
Of a gull-wing'd yacht in motion,
Up the sky
Wild geese cry,
As they near the northern ocean.

Like a vail
Smoky-pale
Cloudlets tinge the far horizon;
Fairies paint
Hills with quaint
Mimicry of autumn's foison.
Moist, at ease
Chant their glees
Timid toad and salamander,
Puffs of health
Blow by stealth,
All things to a love-tryst pander.

In my room
Hornets hum
Rousing from their wintry slumber,
Through the woods
Violet buds
Deck with blue the fallen lumber.
What surprise!
Violet eyes
Live and flash a dry heart under,
Once all sad,
Now all glad,
I can only gaze and wonder.

—*August Century.*

HISTORY OF THREE OLD CHAIRS.

On exhibition in the window of a Chicago store are three chairs which have a history. They are the property of Mr W. Williams, a music teacher of that city, and are two hundred and sixty three years old. They originally belonged, in England, to a family named Dorr, a descendant of whom emigrated to this country in or about 1684, bringing these chairs with him and settling in Boston. This Dorr claimed they were made in 1620, and had been in his family during three generations. On June 12, 1696, John Bigelow, of Watertown, Mass., a friend of Mr. Dorr, was united in marriage to Miss Jerusha Garfield, also of Watertown, belonging to the family of Garfields from which the late President descended. To the newly married couple these chairs were presented by Mr. Dorr as a wedding present. This John Bigelow and wife settled in Marlborough, Mass. Nine years later (1705) John, with two other persons, was taken captive by the Indians and conveyed to Canada, where he remained nearly two years, building while there the first sawmill run in the Provinces, after which the French Governor set him free, and he returned safely home. A letter written by the wife to her husband during his captivity (Aug. 22, 1706) is shown in the frame in connection with the chairs. John Bigelow lived to a remarkable old age, dying in 1869 in his ninety-fifth year. His wife died 1758, aged 81. Gershom Bigelow, his son, next inherited the chairs. He lived to be 96, and died in 1812. Timothy Bigelow, a son of Gershom, then became their possessor, and dying in 1817, was succeeded by his son Ephraim, who died in 1843. Previous to his death, Ephraim Bigelow gave the chairs to his sister, Lovinia, and she in turn gave them to her daughter, who was the mother of the present owner.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

The visitor to the petrified forest near Corrizo, on the Little Colorado, will begin to see the signs of petrification hours before he reaches the wonder; here and there at almost every step in the road small pieces of detached limbs and large stumps of trees may be seen almost hidden in the white sand.

The petrified stumps, limbs, and, in fact, whole trees, lie about on all sides. The action of the waters for hundreds of years has gradually washed away the high hills round about, and the trees that once covered the high tablelands now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of 300 acres. Limbs and twigs cover the sand in every direction, and the visitor is puzzled as to where he shall begin to gather the beautiful specimens that lie within easy reach. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood that have the appearance, for all the world, of having been just cut down by the woodman's ax, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Michigan or Pennsylvania.

Many of the small particles and even the whole heart of some trees have now become thoroughly crystallized, and the beautiful colored cakes sparkle in the sunshine like so many diamonds Every color of the rainbow is duplicated in these crystals, and those of an amethyst color would pass the eye of a novice for a real stone. The grain of wood is plainly shown in nearly every specimen—making the pieces more beautiful than ever.

Although the party went armed with picks and crowbar, they were entirely unnecessary, for thousands of broken fragments can be gathered all about you, and the sunlight striking upon the crystallized particles, point out their hiding places to the eager searcher after curiosities.—*Albuquerque Journal.*

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

A correspondent in an exchange calls for a "movement in the direction of greater simplicity and economy in the clothing of wives, daughters, mothers, and sisters of the American people. In no other country has there been such a growth of extravagance in this respect as in the United States. Those of us who are not very old can remember when the time, money, and trouble expended upon woman's dresses, taking equal, social and other conditions for the purpose of the comparison, were only a fraction of the expenditure of to-day. Observation in England, Germany, even in Paris, which sets our fashions for us, will show that the lavishness in dress which has become the rule here, is the rare exception there. This costly growth may be explained in part by a larger and more rapid accumulation of riches, but the mischief is, that the example of the wealthy, who can afford the indulgence, is imitated by people in moderate circumstances, who cannot afford it." Would that the women of our land would make such a move towards this much-talked of change in dress. But the true remedy seems to be hard to find. Independence might be this needed remedy, the independence to dress according to one's means and surroundings. If we would bring ourselves to this rule, there would be more comfort and happiness in the family.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

Professor Monroe, of Annapolis, says that ordinary fruit acids, such as are contained in apples, tomatoes, rhubarb, lemons, etc., all act upon tin. One case is mentioned where persons eating fruit preserved in tin cans were made violently sick, and tin only was found in the fruit. Glass only should be used in which to keep preserved fruits.

A Handsome Easel.—A handsome easel can be made at small expense. Have a frame of common white wood made. See that the proportions are good; then cover it entirely with velvet, plush, or satin, or even velveteen of good quality may be used. An easel five feet high will serve to hold quite a good-sized picture, and will make it a more prominent object than if it were hung on the wall.

Those who burn wood should understand well that the escaping steam from burning green wood carries off, in a latent state, a large part of the heat produced; that a cord of dry wood supplies as much heat for use as two cords of green wood; that two cords of some kinds of wood when dry have no more weight to be hauled than one cord of green. Therefore, the prudent man will, this winter, when labor is cheap, have a year's supply of wood all cut and split and ready to use.

Cleaning Mixture.—Good to clean coat collars, and to take out grease from floors or carpets, and to clean paint or white walls (calsomined). Take half a bar of washing soap, and a lump of saltpeter and sal soda, each as large as a walnut, add two quarts of boiling soft water, stir well, and let stand till cool, then add three ounces of ammonia (spirits of hartshorn), bottle and cork tight. Will keep good a year, and is the best thing I know of to remove grease, and is always handy. It is best to bottle when lukewarm, and add the ammonia at any time. Keep tightly corked.

Lamp Shade.—This is a very pretty and simple design. The six flaps or sections are cut out of white, glossy paper, and lined with a pale pink silk. The ferns are natural ones, pressed when young and green, and to keep them they should be pressed between blotting-paper. Fasten them to the paper with fine green sewing silk; then catch the lining of each section by a little fancy stitch at each scallop.

The top of the shade consists of two hexagons made of cardboard covered with pink silk and edged with lace. The flaps are fixed in between the two top hexagons. Care must be taken to have the opening at the top large enough, else the heat from the chimney will soon scorch it. This shade can be made very effective with spatter work. Care must be taken to employ the colors for the spattering as dry as possible, so as to prevent their running on the paper, and be careful also not to lay one leaf above the other, as it would interfere with the transparency—in fact it would be advisable to arrange the work for spatter on tissue paper or swiss rather than the glossy, stiff paper.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Youth's Department.

LOVING WORDS.

By Eben E. Rexford.

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter, all the way,
Kindly words, to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go;
To the ones who journey with you,
If you love them, tell them so.

—*Golden Days.*

THE STORY OF ERNEST AND RUDOLPH.

Many, many years ago, I am afraid to say just how many, two little boys sat talking on the steps of an old church. It was old then, and it is still standing, the wonder of all who see it. People go hundreds of miles to look at the great painted windows, to see the beautiful carved pulpit, and to listen to the great organ, which is one of the sweetest in the world.

The little boys loved the old church. They used to go to it almost every day, and, though they could not understand much that the minister said, they went home the happier for having seen the beautiful window where Jesus was blessing little children. The bright dresses of the disciples pleased them; and when they heard the music rolling down the broad aisle, echoing from the tall pillars, and dying away in whispers up among the arches of the roof, they thought that *that* must surely be like heaven.

There was a library at the back of the church, and one day the kind pastor took the little boys into this room to show them the books. Books in those days were written, not printed, and many of them had letters of gold, and lovely pictures in bright colors at the sides of the pages. Ernest, the elder boy, looked and looked till his little heart ached, he liked them so much. At last he said to the pastor: "Do you think I could ever do anything like that?"

"Yea, my son, if the Lord will help thee."

From that time Ernest thought of nothing but the beautiful book he was going to make. He was talking about it the day that he and his brother Rudolph sat on the church steps together.

"What are you going to draw in it?" asked Rudolph.

"Oh! leaves and flowers and angels, maybe; and I should like—yes, I should like to make a picture of St. John, oh, ever so much better than that one there!" he said, pointing to a large window near the door.

Rudolph looked up in surprise. He had always liked that window.

"Yes, I am going to make it more like that lovely one in the book, only lovelier than that. I am going to make it the *best* in all the world. And when it is done, I will give it to the Church to be put with the others, and everybody will like mine best, and will ask who did it, and I shall be known all over the world, just for that one book, Rudolph."

Rudolph listened, and hoped his brother would do it. He thought Ernest could do anything. He could do many more things than poor little Rudolph, whom everybody set down as a stupid boy.

Years passed away, and the boys were men. Ernest, through the kindness of the good old pastor, had learned to read, write, and, what he thought best of all, to paint. He had become a priest (those were the only ministers in that country at that time). It was his duty to help the pastor. He did so in the church, but after service, which was held every day, he gave all his time to his book, and left the old man to look after the poor, the sick, and the dying.

Ernest worked day after day, and each page seemed more beautiful than the one before it. The letters were in gold, and there were roses and lilies and grasses and bright daisies for the borders. Pretty baby faces with colored wings (cherubs they are called), and tall, golden-haired angels with white robes and holding sprays of flowers or golden harps in their hands, were on many of the leaves. Ernest was almost an old man before he tried to paint the figure of St. John. He made many drawings and painted many pictures before he could make one lovely enough for his book. The old pastor had died years ago, and, soon after, Ernest gave up his church work and spent all his time on his book.

Meanwhile, what had Rudolph been doing? He worked with his father, who was only a poor blacksmith. His one aim in life seemed to be to make home happy for the old folks. Loved by them and by a few who knew him, yet he was looked down upon by most of the villagers, who spoke of him as a simple-hearted fellow, "so very different from Ernest."

The mother died, and soon after the father was taken sick. Early one morning he sent for Ernest; but Ernest was finishing his picture. He stopped to put in one line, then another, and another, till he became so interested in his work that he forgot the message sent him, and it was evening before he went to his father's house. The old man was dying. Ernest began to say something about his book, meaning it as an excuse; but his father raised himself, and called out angrily, "God curse thee and thy book!" and he fell back dead.

Ernest shuddered at his father's curse. He dreaded to go back to look at his book. He had heard stories about those who had neglected their duty for just such work, and how Satan had come, while they were away, and had spoiled the lovely pages. But no! his book was safe, and as beautiful as ever. He finished it, and gave it to the church. The fame of it spread through all the country, and people came from far and near to see it. But in spite of their praise, Ernest was sad. From the day that his father died he was a wretched man.

One day, a few months after Ernest's great work was finished, as Rudolph stood at his forge, he heard a noise in the village street. Going out, he saw men, women and children running hither and thither for safety, for, down the middle of the street came a dog foaming at the mouth and making rushes at the people. No one dared to meddle with him. Those were not the days of guns and pistols; the only way to kill him would be with a stone or club. Rudolph grasped his iron tightly, and ran directly in front of the beast. It sprang upon him. He fought with it, and beat it till it was killed. But he had been terribly bitten, and he knew that he must die a horrible death. Driving back the people who crowded round him, he wiped off the poisonous foam. Then calling certain ones to him, he told them what to do when he should go mad. They did not know how to try to save him, and in a few days the brave man lay dead in the cage where he had told them to put him.

"O my brother!" sobbed Ernest, "what is my work to thine? Gladly would I exchange places with thee."

Years after, when people had forgotten who made the beautiful book, every child in the village knew the story of the noble Rudolph. No one remembered that he had a brother. And the book? It was kept on a shelf in the library, the same room where the boys had stood that day so long ago with the old pastor. A little diamond pane was broken in the window. An ivy-leaf crept through it. It pushed its way along, and at last sent up a little tendril that touched the shelf and wedged its way under the book—Ernest's beautiful book. When next it was taken down to be shown to visitors, it was a mass of black, crumbling paper. Not one of the paintings could be seen. Here and there a letter which had been of gold shone out faintly, but the work was destroyed. The ivy had been like a tiny pipe filled with water that passed from leaf to leaf of the book till all were ruined.—*The Sunday School Times*

THE MOON LENDS A HAND.

If you drop a lump of sugar into a cupful of tea, or stir the tea around with a spoon, there will be little bubbles floating on the surface. Watch these bubbles, and you will see that they soon slide off and gather along the edge of the cup. Boys in the first class in philosophy know what this means. It is the attraction of the cup. It is larger than the bubbles, and, as they are free to move about on the tea, they are attracted or pulled toward the sides of the cup.

If you lift the tea-cup, you will find it is heavy. The great earth, that is millions of times larger than the cup, pulls it downward. We call it weight. We say the cup is pulled down by the attraction of gravitation.

Out of doors you can see the sun. It too has an attraction for the cup and for the whole round world and all it contains. It is bigger than our earth, and is pulling it toward itself. So strong is this attraction for the sun that everything that is lying loose on the earth would fly away if it were not that the world is so much nearer, and is attracting it the other way at the same time. There are some things that really start to go to the sun every day, but very fortunately they soon come back again.

Then there is the moon. She too is trying to pull everything toward herself. Poor Mrs. Moon! She is in an unfortunate position. She is pulling away toward the sun, and at the same time the earth attracts her this way. She wants to fly away and tumble into the sun, and she feels a great desire to fall down upon the world. She can't go both ways at once, so she contents herself with flying round the world once every day, and keeping us company in our journey round the sun.

The moon has her revenge on the earth. It pulls hard on the world all the time, and some of the things on the surface, that, like the bubbles in the tea cup, are free to move, try every day to jump up to the moon. There is the air and all the water in the sea. They can move about, and whenever the moon passes overhead they move up as if to meet it. They can't go far, but they make a good start, and never seem tired of trying. If we could go up in a balloon to the top of the air we would probably find the air at one place piled up in a heap, as if it wanted to fly away to the moon if the earth would only give it a chance.

As it is not convenient for us to go up to the top of the air, we will go down to the beach to see how the water behaves when the moon goes by. No matter what time of the day or night you go to the sea-shore, you will find the water either rising up toward the moon or falling back again. It never seems to be discouraged, but as soon as it fails it starts again. You can not see it move, but if you put a stone at the edge of the water, and wait an hour or two, you will find the stone has been covered by the water or is left quite high and dry. It seems as if the whole of the great sea was forever slowly rising or falling, up and down, with a slow and solemn motion. Any boy who lives by the shore knows that this is the tide. This curious rising and falling of the tide is caused by the attraction of the moon. The sun also helps, but in a lesser degree. How and why it all happens would take a long time to explain. We do not care for that just now, as the strange effects of the tides upon the land are more interesting.

The tide is like a wave. It is not very high, but wonderfully wide. It is so broad that a single tide wave will reach half round the world. Out at sea it is impossible to tell whether it is high or low tide at any time. Near the shore the tides behave in a curious and often wonderful manner, and we can walk along the beaches and see how they work. One of the best places to do this is the vicinity of New York city.

South of this city is the harbor. Still farther south, past the narrows, is the beautiful bay called New York Bay. Sandy Hook at the south and Coney Island at the north mark the broad entrance to this bay from the Atlantic Ocean. The Hudson River, that stretches far back into the country, runs along the west side of the city. On the east is the narrow and crooked arm of the sea called East River. Let us look at this place a moment. The East River is open to the sea at each end. It is not like a real river, flowing down hill, and with a current constantly flowing in one direction. It has no current of its own, and were it not for the tides that surge backward and forward through the place twice every day, its waters would be dull and stagnant as any of the quiet lagoons behind the beaches that we have been studying. You can guess what would happen then. The place would soon fill up with mud and sand. Oysters and shell-fish would make it their home; seaweeds and mosses would cover the bottom, and before long the river would be filled up, and East River would be closed. The wild turmoil of water just here, this swift-flowing current keeps the place clear. The tides scour out the river-bed, and help keep it clean for the ships. There are more vessels passing through East River in a year than at any other place on this continent. If it were closed, our commerce would be sadly injured. Millions of dollars have been spent to make this channel clear, but it is the moon that keeps this great water gate open.

Everywhere on the seacoast all round the world the moon lends a hand to help the sea carve out the land. At Sandy Hook it also holds the key of the bay, and keeps the harbor open, that ships may pass out and come in. Were it not for the moon, Sandy Hook would creep slowly out over the shallow waters until it nearly reached Coney Island. The friendly tide comes sweeping in from the sea, and spreads far and wide over the bay. It fills miles and miles of bays and rivers with water, and then when the moon passes on, and the water can follow her no farther, it turns in a mighty flood, and scours and sweeps out the channels. The outflowing tide is a big broom to brush away the sand and mud, and keep the front door of our port open to all the ships of the world. Did not the sea every day try to reach after the moon, perhaps there would be no tides. Were the tides to stop, our grand front gate would soon be shut, and our convenient back way into the Sound would be closed. It is in this way a great and wise Creator has commanded even the moon to lend a hand in controlling the sea and the land.—*Harper's Young People.*

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

St. Anthony at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes;
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all hither drawn,
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast days, the cod-fish—
The stock-fish I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys and all,
Each looked at the preacher,
Like a reasonable creature.
At God's word
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

—*Selected.*

THE PRINCE AND THE WHIPPING-BOY.

"What is a whipping-boy, anyhow?" All the boys and girls will ask that question when they look at a picture of Edward VI. and his whipping-boy.

I must tell you, then, that in old times a prince, who was to be a king after he grew up, was treated as a person of very great dignity and importance. It would not do to punish him, because his person was held to be sacred; but as a prince was only a boy, after all, he had to learn lessons and he had to obey his teachers. If he did not get his lessons, or if he was saucy to his teachers, it would not do to overlook the matter; somebody must be punished, and in those days boys were always punished by flogging.

But it would not do to flog a prince. He was a king's son, and after a while would become king himself. So whenever the prince did anything for which a flogging was necessary, the flogging was given to another boy. They kept a boy for the purpose. It was his business to take all the prince's whippings for him, and hence they called him the prince's whipping-boy.

The boy who took Edward VI.'s whippings for him was named Barnabas Fitzpatrick, and it is said that he and the prince were very good friends indeed.—*Harper's Young People.*

LEND A HAND.

Children, did you ever see a big fire. Last summer there was a big fire in the town where I used to go to school. It is a small town and they have no big fire engines which can throw water very fast. Most of the water used had to be carried in buckets. How did they do that? Do you think that every one got a bucket and ran as fast as they could from the well to the fire? No, the people formed themselves into a line, one end of which was at the well and the other at the fire. Then the man at the well handed a bucket full of water to the one next to him; this one handed to the next; and so on till it reached the fire. And they kept a stream of buckets passing along all the while.

Now do you not see how you can help work for Jesus? You do not live in India, where many heathen people are; but you can start your pennies and they will pass along from hand to hand till they at last send men and women out to that land to tell the heathen people about Jesus. You do not live next door to our Orphans' Home, as it is my privilege to do, but you can send money and nice things to them, and they will pass along from hand to hand until they make the young hearts glad.—*Olive Plants.*

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is *mean*. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is *vulgar*—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is *cowardly*—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is *ungentlemanly*. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a *gentle man*—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is *indecent*—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is *foolish*. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is *abusive*—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is *venomous*—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is *contemptible*—forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is *wicked*—violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.—*Ex.*

Pleasantries.

A boy went to his father crying and told him that he had kicked a fly that had a splinter in its tail.

Az a general thing, the philosophers ov the world hav spent mutch time eating stewed terrapins, and then telling other pholks—how unhealthy they are.

Woman (looking over blankets in a store): "Well, I didn't mean to buy; am just looking for a friend." *Clerk* (politely): "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We've looked them all through."

"Do you know what bulldozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. 'I thought I did,' said the granger; "but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe, and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

A vigilant sentinel is posted at the door of a picture gallery with strict orders of the customary character. A sight seer happens along and is promptly halted. "Here, sir! You must leave your cane at the door!" "But, my friend, I haven't got any cane." "Then go back and get one! No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his cane at the door. Orders is orders!"

A Cincinnati German in the furniture trade was accosted the other day by a New Yorker with, "Well, Mr. Schmidt, they say you have made an assignment!" "Yah; dot ish so." "You assigned to your brother. Didn't you?" "Yah, he vash my brudder." "Didn't anybody raise objections about this family arrangement?" "Vhell, I doan' know. Vhen my brudder fails he assigns to me, and vhen I fails I assigns to him. Dot makes fair play, eh? I doan' go much on some man's who goes pack on his brudder."

THE MESSENGER.

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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. A. R. KREMER,
REV. D. B. LADY,
REV. D. VAN HORNE, D.D., } SYNODICAL EDITORS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1883.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA-KETTLE.

The *Lutheran Standard* complains that it cannot please the MESSENGER, and calls us haughty, supercilious and ignorant, which is all easy enough; but it does not tell us which sect of the Lutheran Church is the right one, or attempt to palliate or deny its former statements that Lutherans who have married other Christians have done so because the carnal prevailed over the spiritual, that they have lost the sacraments, denied the Lord Jesus Christ, and risked the salvation of their souls.

To protest against that, as we have done, shows invincible ignorance, and a bad spirit. The *Standard* seems to wince under our charge that its ideas of history are unphilosophical and "puerile." But its last article only serves to confirm our opinion. It has been misrepresenting our Church continually—indeed finds it necessary to paint some dark back-ground that its own virtues may shine the more brightly. The quotations we gave from it a few weeks ago illustrate this. But when we show up its bigotry, it first snarls and then whines. It thinks itself abused. The editor of the *Standard* may know more than other people, but it won't do for him to claim to be a martyr.

Here is a sample of the ingenuousness of the *Standard*. In speaking of the editor of the MESSENGER, it says: "If he paid a little attention to the doctrine of Luther and Lutheranism; if he had even given a little thought to the explanation given in the *Standard* for his benefit a few weeks ago, he probably would not have given utterance to the falsehood that we call the 'Lutheran denomination the only visible Church of Christ.'

Now, what are the facts of the case? We did say that the *Standard* regards the "Lutheran denomination the only visible Church of Christ." The *Standard* said that we misrepresented it, and explained that its belief is that "the Lutheran Church is the only *true* visible Church of Christ." The italics were its own; it did not deny that there were other churches of Christ. Of course they were false and spurious. We published the explanation at the time, in the *Standard's* own language, but the explanation has only made the matter worse. We took issue with its conception of the "Body of Christ," and with its unphilosophical notions of history, and are disposed to do so still. The editor of the *Standard* is not the Gamaliel at whose feet we care to sit.

The charge that we dislike the editor of the *Standard* simply because he is "Lutheran" and we "Reformed" is nonsensical. Our relations to prominent Lutherans who differed widely from us disprove that, and we are too old to persecute ourselves with mere hates. It don't pay, Mr. *Standard*. It is not comfortable, to say nothing of the Christianity of the matter. You raised the issues. They were not personal, except in so far as you have made them so.

Dr. Walter C. Palmer, one of the foremost advocates of perfect holiness among the Methodists, died suddenly at Ocean Grove on the 20th inst. He was seventy-nine years of age, and claims that for fifty years, his life was not only free from sin, but from the least inclination to do wrong We are not disposed to judge of one who has gone to the presence of his God but it seems to us that the theory of sanctification thus proclaimed, is not one to which we would like to trust. There is more comfort in feeling and acknowledging sin, if with it there is an entire trust in Christ, who stands ready to forgive His children in their struggle against the evil that besets them during all their mortal life.

The fact that three American historians, George Bancroft, Palfrey and Sparks, who studied at the same school in Exeter, New Hampshire, and boarded in the same house, paid their way from the same charitable fund is an evidence that beneficiary education is not the unmitigated evil some would make it to be. There may be men who have been enervated and spoiled by it, but others have risen above it, and given back more to the Church and the world than they ever received.

A correspondent tells us that in a note to him, we wrote the name of a place so indistinctly, that he was unable to make it out, and could only imitate the chirography in the hope that the mail agent would get it right. We acknowledge the fault, and make the incident an occasion to say that there is nothing in regard to which people in general are so careless as in writing proper names. They think others must know as well as they do what is meant, and become sensitive when there is a mistake. It would save printers and others a world of trouble, if more care were taken in this particular. Next to proper names, men are most careless in regard to numerals. Their 3s and 8s and 7s and 9s for instance, are very easily confounded, and there is always complaint when the wrong figures are given.

"Yes," we reply in answer to a question, "Yes, Oscar Wilde is an 'æsthetic dandy'" in the fullest acceptation of the term, but he performed a mission in spite of that. He led people to think of near and familiar things as useful in ornamentation. They had been straining after something foreign, something Greek, or at least expensive, and the ease with which they were made to give that up, showed how weary they were of affecting the classical and the foreign. The influence his ideas have had with the refined classes on both sides of the ocean, much as they laugh at him, is evidence that the bubble was ready to be punctured.

The spread of Asiatic cholera in Egypt, India, and perhaps in Europe, is giving rise to great apprehension. It is the opinion of some eminent physicians, that its appearance is periodical, and that it may sweep over our own land, after an absence of seventeen years. It is well enough to take precautions against it, and make such sanitary regulations, as will help to keep it off; but if this is done, there is no use to get up a panic. The large number of deaths at Damietta, Cairo, and other places, is largely due to the filthy condition of the localities, and the careless habits of the people. Reports telegraphed from Alexandria, and the letters of reliable men, say that the well people eat out of the same dishes, occupy the same beds used by those smitten with the disease, and even wear the clothing of those who have died. The dead bodies are borne through the streets entirely exposed, and without the least care, and if the disease is contagious or infectious, the germs of it must be scattered everywhere.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 25th, 1883.

Here we are by the high sounding sea, where we expect to remain until a call for "copy," or an exhausted exchequer takes us home, which will be in a very few days. It seemed like getting into a new world to leave the hot city and be whirled out through the fields and along the sylvan streams where every breath of air is a luxury. The forests and the shrubbery have not yet lost their June freshness, although here and there a clambering vine and a cluster of leaves on the gum trees have ripened into crimson. The lakelets are full of pond lilies floating on the waters gracefully as if the fairies had arranged them for a moonlight festival; and the green and yellow sedge-grass is presided over, ever and anon, by tiger-lilies, that seem like tall gipsy queens holding their wands above the other wild flowers that bloom around them.

New Jersey bids fair to turn the tables on Pennsylvania and other inland States. Thirty years ago it was looked upon by the mackerel-fed theologians of Princeton, as a barrel with a spigot at each end. New York and Philadelphia were tapping it and drawing everything away so that the prospective preachers had to subsist upon salt fish and hard tack. This was of course an exaggeration of which embryo parsons should not have been guilty; but the State has long been regarded as a watermelon patch by a great many people. Just now, however, it looks as if it might become at least the summer residence of rich people from the interior, with Eastern Pennsylvania as its truck patch. Certain it is that the whole coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May, will soon be crowded with hotels, and villas, and cottages, and these will extend farther back every year, with facilities for getting to the *beach*, which with its bathing and balmy air is the attraction. Already the little State is so girdled and gridironed with railroads, that they seem like an appliance to keep the sand banks from falling apart and blowing away. Some of the hotels are quite large and the private residences are very handsome. At night when the lights that beam from them, shimmer on the water they are very beautiful and almost suggest the city St. John saw on the isle of Patmos. It is a consoling fact to know that the churches are keeping pace with everything else at these resorts. The Presbyterians have a very pretty one at Spring Lake, half a mile up the coast. It is built after the English churchly style, and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer by the people is part of the published order of worship.

And then here is the mighty ocean! It seems to us that no one can help being impressed by it. The fisherman's little daughter with her red hood and bare feet, as she treads the sand, and shades her eyes to look for her father's boat, must be measurably educated by it. It strikes the occasional beholder with awe and wonder. Just now it seems to us like a sky-roofed cathedral with the organ of the waters pealing everlastingly. "Deep calleth unto deep."

But independent of what the Bible says about it, it is a "storied" sea. Its vast stretch reaching with unbroken waters to the ends of the earth and compassing every land, brings to mind the legends of far off places in the long gone past. One thinks of Ulysses, in his wanderings, and calls up caverns in the rocks where nymphs and mermaids dwelt, or the islands where the sirens sang. He can almost see Neptune with his trident, his conch-shell and his dolphins. How we would like to have Dr. Samuel G. Lane, and a few other choice spirits that held an occasional symposium in the Cumberland valley, in the hammocks swung around here, just to talk over these things. Of course fish and oysters would be only incidental.

To this day everything seems Protean. The restless waters are ever changing—moaning or roaring as they ebb and flow, the waves chasing one another like sprited horses over the face of the deep or tossing their white foam from billow to billow. Last evening after a gentle shower, a rainbow spanned the green sea, and later the moon came up and brightened everything with a silver sheen. The night before there was a terrific storm, and when it had drifted sea-ward, the lightnings lit up the angry waves with a lurid glare. It seemed like as if there was a battle going on between hostile fleets, and that the flashes and thunders of heaven's artillery were taking part in it for some reason.

Such things are beautiful to look upon—at a safe distance. It is said that the stormy petrel delights in this rush and roar; that its tiny form is always seen sporting near jutting rocks, when tempestuous winds and waves have lashed themselves white with such fury as would make any ship shudder to its watery grave. And some modern poet has moralized over the fact in these words:

"Oh, would, strange bird, I too could sweep
Unharmed along life's angry deep,
Nor heed the lowering clouds that roll
And darken round the struggling soul—
Like thee could soar, and breast, elate,
The mists of doubt, the storms of fate."

But enough of this. We are staying at the "Bellevue Cottages," kept by Mrs. Titus, a worthy member of the Green Street Church, Philada. Her cottages are large buildings, cottage only in style, with ample rooms, many of them looking over the sea. It is the most *restful* place we have yet found. Many a broken down man and feeble woman would like just such a retreat, and we think it a duty to call attention to it. Her address is *Mrs. C Titus, Sea Girt, N. J., care Spring Lake Beach P. O.*

COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

We hear it said, and we have heard it from persons of liberal culture and Christian piety, that "next to religion, education is the best thing that people can have." This is a sentiment quite common among really good people; and while it cannot be denied that there is truth in it, we also affirm that it contains a fundamental and dangerous error.

It indicates a one-sided, and therefore false conception of education. It expresses the popular idea that religion is one thing and education something altogether different, the one *supremely* good, the other *very* good. A good education, according to this view, may be obtained where religion is entirely ignored, or kept in the background, or at most brought into view at chapel prayers; respectfully recognized, at least, for the sake of giving the school a religious tinge, and in this way satisfying the general demand of the Christian public. As for the rest, it is mathematics, ancient and modern languages, physical and mental sciences, with a sprinkling of moral philosophy and natural theology. The acquisition of these things is education—collegiate education—a mighty good thing, and still better, of course, if he who has mastered it all has not neglected the "one thing needful." The secular knowledge thus gained is the same, no matter where acquired, if correctly and efficiently taught; for a triangle is a triangle, and all its geometric mysteries are the same in all schools where there is sufficient ability to sound them. So in the other branches usually taught in a college. We have known Reformed parents, for instance, to send their sons to colleges of the kind here indicated, for variety perhaps, or at any rate considering that it made no special difference where they got their *education*, only so that they got it. But they should have known that a well rounded education, in the Christian and only true sense, implies far more than mere secular knowledge, with a mere recognition of Christianity pinned as an appendage. On the contrary no college is truly and distinctively Christian in which the Christian Church, as the real *Alma Mater*, under Christ the Head, does not hold royal sway, filling every department and the whole curriculum with the light of God.

We have penned these lines for the purpose of directing attention to the true idea of education, and we will conclude by referring our readers to the admirable baccalaureate sermon of Dr. T. G. Apple, President of Franklin and Marshall College, and published in a late issue of the MESSENGER. It will bear reading over and over again; and if it does not convince our own people especially, that education without the truth as it is in Jesus, is not only one sided, but a curse rather than a blessing, then we greatly mistake. And if they rise from the reading of that discourse without being fully convinced that our college at Lancaster is the very best place to send their sons to be educated, then we also greatly mistake. Not education *and* religion, but education with religion as its life and power. K.

FAREWELL MEETING.

Agreeably to notice, the farewell meeting with Rev. J. P. Moore and wife, missionaries to Japan, was held on Wednesday evening, July 18th, in Salem's Reformed Church, Harrisburg, Pa This was the second occasion when such an interesting service has been held by the Reformed Church, the first being the farewell given to Rev. A. D. Gring and wife, the missionaries now in Tokio, at Reading in 1879.

The meeting at Harrisburg was well attended. The services were partlcipated in by Revs. W. H. H. and Geo. W. Snyder, pastors of the Reformed Churches in the city, Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser, Hon. R. F. Kelker, the missionary elect, and the writer. The newly appointed missionary received every mark of attention and sympathy from the audience, as he spoke of his great anxiety when the "call" of the Board for another laborer came to him through the periodicals of the Church. He stated that he was now convinced that he was in the line of duty, and that he, and his wife, were fully in sympathy with the Foreign Mission work, and especially with that part of it now entrusted to their hands, conjointly with Missionary Gring, and wife, in behalf of the Reformed Church.

The absence of Rev. Dr. T. S. Johnston who was compelled by sickness to leave for home before the meeting, was greatly regretted. His continued interest in the work of the Foreign Mission Board, and his self-denying labors as secretary, entitled him to the chief place on the programme, and it was only from necessity that other brethren appeared in his place. We trust he will soon be restored to his accustomed health again, that his valued labors may long be enjoyed by the Church.

An additional cloud of sorrow threw its shadow over the meeting upon reception of the news of the death of Rev. Chas. H. Leinbach, D. D, Vice President of the Board; suitable resolutions were adopted by the executive committee which were signed by all the members present, and read at the close of the service. In view of the departure of Rev. and Mrs. Moore, who expect to sail from San Francisco for Tokio, about the 1st of September, it is hoped that an earnest missionary spirit will be awakened in all parts of the Church. Now that we are to have these new representatives in the Foreign field, we should encourage them with our constant prayers, and frequent contributions. They have cheerfully separated themselves from "friends, connections, and native country," to labor among the heathen in our name, and it is but a small sacrifice on our part to sustain them.

Finally in the language of the beautiful German Hymn, sung by the members of Philadelphia Classis, (German) when Bro. Moore visited that body, we say farewell!—

"Assembled here, O Lord, Thy servants wait,
Hands in fellowship we clasp,
And with thy Martyr covenant make,
To be true while life shall last.
We give our pledge in this our song of praise,
Both joy and blessing for Thy servant crave,
And say Amen! and likewise
Sweet peace, Sweet peace be with you."

V. H.

Captain Matthew Webb, the famous English swimmer, lost his life on the 24th inst., in the senseless attempt to pass the whirlpool two miles below Niagara Falls. His art and endurance have been of use in time past in saving drowning people, and many were the feats he performed, as for instance, swimming the English channel, but in this case there was a foolhardy effort to do an impossible thing, just to show people that it could be done.

Rev. H. K. Binkley sends seven new subscribers for the MESSENGER, and six for the *Hausfreund* from the little Swamp congregation, Lancaster county, Pa., of which Rev. Sweitzer is pastor. The other congregations of the charge had been canvassed before.

A later note from our agent says he has obtained fifty-one new subscribers for the MESSENGER and nine for the *Hausfreund*, in the East Berlin charge, Adams Co., Pa. Rev. J. H. Derr the efficient pastor went with him from house to house, and gave his influence. We hope and believe he will be rewarded as a church paper is one of the strongest allies a minister can have.

Communications.

OUR VACATION AND ITS HAPPENINGS.

DEAR "MESSENGER:"—A vacation! Can we take one? was the inquiry that presented itself to us as we came to plan for the summer. Hard and constant work at our post of duty for the last three years, the earnest entreaty of the friends at the home of wife to come and make them a visit, seems to demand that we take a short period of rest and pleasure. So, after arranging things in the office that nothing might suffer by our brief absence, we vacated our post, and, with family full of joyous expectation of an escape from the heat of the crowded city, a long journey in the cars, and of meeting with loved ones anxiously awaiting our coming, we found ourselves, on the morning of the 3d of July, seated in one of the commodious and comfortable cars of the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and soon whirling along over this well constructed and admirably managed road towards our destination. Though excessively warm, yet we enjoyed to the full the sight of the green fields and almost-ready-to-be-harvested grain, and the new-mown hay about being gathered and hauled into the barns. Nothing occurred out of the usual course of a journey by rail worthy of noting here Reaching Harrisburg, upon taking a stroll on the platform in the depot, we were pleased to meet our classmate, Hon. W. S. Stenger, now Secretary of the Commonwealth, who was in apparent good health, and seemed to be wearing his honors well and with becoming modesty: and also our young friend Wm. Miller, Esq., son of Rev. Dr. J. O. Miller, of York, Pa., a recent graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, and now a member of the Bar of his native town. As our train was leaving the depot at Harrisburg, we had the pleasure of being joined by our college mate and friend, Rev. Dr. H. H. W. Hibschman and his eldest son who had been called East to attend the funeral of his aged father, and was now returning to his new field of labor and home, in Tiffin, O. We enjoyed his company, and were gratified to learn of his good prospects of building up a *Third* Reformed Church in the great centre of our beloved Church in the Ohio Section.

Arriving at Altoona, we found awaiting us there, to give us a kind greeting as we passed through that mountain City, *Pastor Loci*, Rev. J. M. Titzel, D. D. Spending the time we had to tarry there in conversing upon things in which we have mutual interest, we, feeling the better in spirit after a short intercourse with this active, successful and scholarly brother in the Church, were once more seated in the car and were soon ascending the Alleghanies; taking pleasure in pointing out to those of our party the celebrated Horse-Shoe Bend and the beautiful mountain scenery, that could be seen as the shades of night began to fall on mother earth. Soon we were at the summit, and at Cresson, the great summer resort, we stopped. In a few minutes we are off again and rapidly descending the mountain. At length the brakeman shouts "Johnstown," and we proceed to say farewell to Dr. H. and wish him God-speed in his work for the Master, and we are all soon safe in the old home of her who had gone therefrom to share life's joys and sorrows with us, nearly sixteen years ago.

We see many changes in this brisk manufacturing town since our last visit to it. It has truly extended its borders and shows many marks of improvement It now numbers about 20,000 inhabitants. For several months it has had in successful operation a street railway, which is a great convenience to those living in the extreme ends of the city. Much business is necessarily carried on, and though dusty and dirty—not unlike Pittsburg—yet it is a pleasant place to live, nestled as it is between lofty hills, and these hills for the most part being studded over with homes for the workmen, either in the coal mines, the great rolling mill, or in the steel works, that form the industries of the place, all under the control of the Cambria Iron Co., with Hon. D. J. Morrell

as General Superintendent. In addition to the Pennsylvania R. R., a branch of the B. & O. R. R., known as the Somerset and Cambria R. R., has its terminus here. Though in operation but a few years, it has already a good share of traffic and is an outlet for the same, to the market at Baltimore, Md.

Nothing has given us greater pleasure to notice since we were last here—five years ago—than the establishment, in this growing and busy city, of our Church, and its present prosperous and truly hopeful condition. From what we have seen, we can assure the Church that a flourishing, self-supporting congregation of the Reformed Church is a thing of the future, and that perhaps not very far off. Though not quite three years in existence, it now numbers over *one hundred* members, with a flourishing Sunday-school of more than the same number of scholars. It has a neat frame Chapel on a well-situated lot, free of debt, with a nucleus of a fund on interest, with which, in time, to erect a larger and a more substantial church building. Its Pastor, Rev. W. H. Bates, amid much self-denial and earnest unflagging work, has thus far been able to see his labors and energies crowned with success. We are pleased to learn that he is popular both in his congregation and in the community, and his zeal and activity and his success thus far, have attracted the attention of all. Bro. Bates believes in starting right and having his members know what their church is, and standing faithfully and firmly by its history, and its time honored symbol, and its peculiar customs and teachings, thus winning the respect and esteem of those who are its members and of others around them. We must regard St. John's Reformed Church in this place as one of our most successful missionary enterprises, and are certain that those who have aided in its establishment and maintenance, will feel that all has been extended well and properly.

Thus far we have enjoyed our respite from labor, but we find it exceedingly difficult to do nothing, as we have been accustomed to having every day bring its own duties and work. We hope to profit physically at least by it, and return to our post able for what is before us.

We cannot close this rambling sketch without saying something of our run, the other day, to Somerset. We felt a desire to visit this old town in the hills, as well as have a view of the country through which the new rail road, spoken of before, passes. Friday, (20th inst.) dawned bright and cool. Ten o'clock found us all seated and ready for "Johnnie Smoker," as our five-year-old boy, "Sam," calls the great Iron Horse, to start on his journey. The country is truly hilly and romantic. The road following the course of the stream well deserving its name, *Stony* Creek. As we sped along, the fresh, pure air of the hills was truly invigorating and eagerly snuffed up by us all. After a winding ride of nearly two hours we were at Somerset, and were met by relatives whom we were to visit and with whom we had to spend the day. In the afternoon we were favored with a call from Rev. G. H. Johnston and wife, of Philadelphia, who were visiting their old home and relatives. We, also, with Bro. J., did ourselves the pleasure of calling upon Rev. W. A. Gring and family, who are now residing at Somerset. Here we were pleased to meet *Pastor Loci*, Rev. H. King, and Val. Hay, Esq., and their wives. Truly it was good and pleasant to be there and enjoy an hour's chat with old friends and brethren, as well as those met together for the first time in the flesh. Bidding them adieu, we, on our return to our stopping place, found Rev. A. E Truxal, Reformed Pastor at Irwin Station, Pa., waiting to see us. He too is spending his vacation in his old home and among relatives. Those little *Conferences of five brethren in the ministry*, we can assure you were enjoyed by one at least, and we said "good bye!" to them all, feeling that our unexpected meeting in that grand old town—the County-seat of the county of Somerset, that is studded all over with Reformed Churches, active and prosperous, and presided over by faithful and energetic Pastors, as well as the confreres of a vigorous and progressive classis (Somerset), was a pleasure and an incentive to labor on in our particular sphere for the church of our choice.

Turning our faces towards our home, we were safely borne thither, night overtaking us ere we reached it. With this we conclude our lengthy scrawl. C. G. F.

ANNIVERSARY OF BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME.

July 26th was a charming day. About 2500 people from various sections of the Church attended our anniversary services. People, old and young, came hither to enjoy a day on the shaded South Mountain. A very calm, restful class of people they were, for so large a number; leisurely occupying parlors, verandahs, school-rooms and the grove, where people of town and county met and mingled in refreshing fellowship. The large dining hall was crowded with guests during three hours—people of enormous appetites, who ate with the keen relish of children, ate until barrels and pantries failed. But as these were emptied, the drawer of the receiver filled up.

The meeting of the Board of Managers had a bare quorum. Our afflicted treasurer is in Europe, one member is in Colorado, and two others are sick. On September 21, 1863, a poor orphan was taken into the humble home of Rev. J. Boesmyer, at 702 Morris Street, Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa. On that day began the history of Bethany Orphans' Home. On September 21, coming, our Home will be twenty years old. From its start, it has, in a peculiar sense, been a child of God's paternal providence.

Altogether, 344 orphans have been provided for and trained here. At present, there are 54 in the Home. In addition to these, three were received at this meeting of the Board. In 1869 the Home Congregation was organized. Since then, 142 orphans were confirmed as members of the congregation. On last Good Friday, eleven orphans were thus received.

The products of our farm during the year 1882 were as follows: 492 bushels of wheat, 136 of rye, 300 of corn, 200 of potatoes, 300 of oats, 120 of grapes, 30 tons of hay, pasture for 12 head of cattle, and all the vegetables needed for the Home. Our grain crops supplied us with bread for the whole year.

As before reported, the total cost of our new building, including the furniture, heating apparatus and surrounding improvements, amounts to about $30,000. Towards this we received $14,400 insurance money, the balance was furnished by the Church. Our building is paid for. But, as the erection of the building diverted quite a sum of money to the building fund, which, usually, was given towards the current expenses of the Institution, we now have a total deficit of over $3000 in this department. Our receipts from July 1, 1882 to July 29, 1883, amounted to $4874.41; expenditures, $6816.71.

The Anniversary Services

in the grove began at 1 P. M. The brethren, L. K. Evans, I. K. Loose, and A. S. Leinbach, led in prayer. Walter H. Ehly, one of the orphans, delivered an address of welcome. Lucetta Myer, another orphan, and assistant teacher in the Home, presided at the organ, and delivered the valedictory. Dr. E. E. Higbee and Rev. C. Baum, delivered addresses.

Rev. I. K. Loose, in the name of many friends of the Home, offered a preamble and resolutions, thanking the ladies of the Reformed Churches of Reading, for their laborious services at the anniversaries of the Home, at the tables of the guests A resolution of thanks was also tendered the Board of Managers for their services. These resolutions were passed by the large assemblage with emphatic and hearty unanimity. Whilst our Reading Marthas usually find our anniversary the most tiresome day in the year, their labor of love affords them marvellous enjoyments, as would the sight of hundreds of hungry guests to every capable housewife or maiden. Indeed, as has often been remarked, these cheery women hurrying to and fro after their work around the tables, help to improve one's relish for the food. And I could fain wish that our lady friends of Easton, Allentown, Lebanon, Harrisburg, Lancaster and York, would consent to share the pleasure of their Reading sisters at our future anniversaries, and taste the sweetness of serving our blessed Master at the table of Charity.

Elder W. R. Lawfer, of Allentown, and Elder Jacob Roeder, of Easton, without previously consulting the Board, appealed to the audience to pay the remaining debt of the Home. Their appeal produced quite a breeze of good feeling. A number of laymen delivered short telling speeches. Little children, some of whom I know to be poor, brought their silver dollars to the stand. Gifts, varying from one to twenty-five dollars, came in rapid succession. Four brethren pledged $100, apiece, on condition that a sufficient number of $100 gifts can be secured to cover the indebtedness. Sallies of pious appeals and innocent pleasantries, kept the people in good humor and tender mood. At length the crowd with the orphans gathered under the shade trees around the large spring, and sang "Nearer my God to Thee." "Come Thou fount of every blessing," and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." A few more short familiar addresses were delivered, a few more five dollar bills handed in, and the benediction was pronounced.

It will be seen that, for a conservative, staid gathering of Reformed people, our services bade defiance to the rubrics of the Church. How much better it would be for us, as a Church, if on such occasions we would throw our stilts aside, and permit our warm-hearted, live lay element to come to the front. It is marvelous with what unadorned ardor and directness many of our laymen hurl their thoughts hot from their glowing hearts in favor of a great cause, like the round bullets from a minnie rifle. They aim well, and select a good mark. In the believing hearts of our laity there lies a treasure of latent power, which, if properly developed and applied, would, under God, in less than five years give such an impulse to the practical work of the Church that would for centuries help the nation and the world.

For once it was refreshing for the fifty ministers present to stand aside and let the laymen steer the ship in their practical, pointed, common-sense way. I watched these white-cravated dignitaries leaning against the trees, raising themselves on their toes to catch every word: catching the inspiration of the occasion, and keenly relishing the ministry of their lay friends. Think of the scholarly head of the School Department of Pennsylvania now hugging a tree in utter self-forgetfulness, then with undisguised enthusiasm rushing forward to receive a silver dollar from the hands of a poor little girl. Now, I must stop.

The proceeds of the day net over $1,500. About $1 200 is for the reduction of the debt. The brethren, W. R. Lawfer, of Allentown, and Jacob Roeder, of Easton, Pa., were appointed a committee to consummate the proposed plan to liquidate the whole debt. I know that our Home has many friends who will promptly re-pond to their appeal. May God bless their generous efforts. B. B.

FUNERAL OF REV. CHAS. H. LEINBACH, D. D.

The following account of the funeral of Dr. Charles H. Leinbach, at which 5000 people were present, and 1 075 carriages in line, is taken from the *Reading Times* of July 21st, and will be read with interest:—

The largest funeral that has ever been held in the Lebanon Valley, and undoubtedly one of the largest that has ever taken place in this section of the State, was that of the late Rev. Dr Charles H. Leinbach, near Stouchsburg, this county, yesterday. The concourse of people was simply immense, all the members of the five congregations constituting the Tulpehocken Reformed charge, which had been served by the deceased for nearly twenty years, having apparently turned out to do honor to the memory of their beloved pastor. The carriages lined the public roads for miles, and 1 075 vehicles were counted, when the person who had undertaken this labor gave up in despair without having completed the self-imposed task. A great many were also in attendance who had come on horseback and on foot. A number of relatives and friends proceeded in the cars to Myerstown, where carriages were in waiting to convey them to the late residence of the deceased at Tulpehocken parsonage, nearly midway between Myerstown and Stouchsburg. Every person present was emphatic in declaring the funeral was the largest ever witnessed in this section of the State, the number of people in attendence having been estimated at five thousand.

The funeral services were in charge of Rev. Dr. Bausman, pastor of St. Paul's Memorial Reformed Church, this city. Forty-four clergymen of the Reformed Church and seven of the Lutheran denomination were in attendance, a number of whom assisted in conducting the services. Trinity Reformed Church, in which the services were held, is close to the parsonage, where the deceased resided during his long connection with this charge as pastor. It is on the Berks and Dauphin turnpike, about two miles west of Stouchsburg, and is prominently situated in a beautiful section of country. The farmers being well through with the work of harvesting, spared a day from their labors for the purpose of attending the funeral, and the weather was all that could have been desired to ensure a large turnout.

At the house a few stanzas of "Nearer my God to Thee," which had been a favorite hymn of the deceased, were sung, and a fervent prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. William Reily, of Myerstown, President of Palatinate College. A procession from the house to the church was then formed in the following order: 1st, Consistories of the several congregations composing the Tulpehocken charge; 2d, the clergymen in attendance, with the officiating clergymen bringing up the rear; 3d, the remains of the deceased, followed by the family and relatives, and the people in general.

The church could not hold anything like the large number of people present, and although services were held both in the body of the church and in the basement, there were enough outside to have filled two more such buildings. The services were very lengthy and occupied three hours. There was first singing by the choir, and then a prayer by Rev. W. H. H Snyder, of Harrisburg. Rev J. O. Miller, D. D., of York, read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. A. H. Kremer, D. D., of Carlisle, followed with prayer. Rev. Dr. Bausman then delivered appropriate remarks pertaining to the life and character of the deceased. The singing of a German hymn, which was announced by Rev. H. A. Keyser, of Mahanoy City, followed.

A German sermon was next preached by Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, of Lancaster, which was followed by an English discourse by the Rev. Dr. C. F. McCauley, of Reading. There was next singing of a few stanzas of the familiar hymn:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died."

Then several five-minute speeches were made by Rev. M. A. Smith, of Nazareth; Rev. Dr. George Wolff, of Myerstown; and Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser, of Goshenhoppen. "Jesus, lover of my soul," was next sung, which was followed by a prayer in the German language by the Rev. A. Johnson Long, of Stouchsburg.

The coffin lid was then removed and an opportunity given the friends and relatives to pass by and take a last look at the remains. This occupied a long time, and there seemed to be no end to the streams of people that passed through the aisles of the church. After the desire of all had been gratified, the cortege proceeded to the grave, in the cemetery adjoining the church, where a burial service was performed by Drs. E. V. Gerhart and C. F. McCauley, and an appropriate selection was sung by the choir.

While the services were being held in the main audience room of the church, there was preaching in the basement, which was crowded with people. Rev. Dr. J. E. Hiester, of Annville, Rev. D. W. Gerhard, of New Holland, and Rev. S. S. Sweitzer, of Lincoln, delivered addresses. After the interment a great many repaired to the parsonage, where preparations had been made for feeding the multitude. It was a long while, however, before the wants of so many people could be attended to.

Among the clergymen in attendance were the following of the Reformed denomination: Dr. B. Bausman, Dr. C F. McCauley, J. W. Steinmetz, F. W. Dechant, Henry Mosser, A. S. Leinbach (nephew of the deceased), and the last mentioned's son, J. H. Leinbach, all of this city; L. K. Evans, of Pottstown; M. A. Smith, of Nazareth; Samuel A. Leinbach, of Coplay (nephew of the deceased); J. P. Stein, Philadelphia; W. Donat, Schuylkill Haven; H. A. Keyser, Mahanoy City; Henry Leiss, Orwigsburg; Eli E. Hiester, Strausstown; Dr. Jonathan E. Hiester, Annville; W. H. H. Snyder, Harrisburg; Dr. A. H. Kremer, Carlisle; Dr. J. O. Miller, York; Dr. F. W. Kremer, Lebanon; Dr. T. S. Johnston, Lebanon; Thomas C. Leinbach, Womelsdorf, (nephew of the deceased); Tobias Kessler, Jonestown; Calvin Gerhard, Columbia; Darius W. Gerhard, New Holland; Drs. E. V. Gerhart and Theodore Appel, of Lancaster; Dr. Moses Kieffer, Gettysburg; J. Calvin Leinbach, Riegelsville, (son of deceased); S. S. Sweitzer, Lincoln; David Wolf, New Oxford; A. J. Bachman, Schaefferstown; D. B. Albright, and George A. Zellers, Womelsdorf; D. C. Tobias, Lititz; Drs. George Wolff and William Reily, of Myerstown; Dr. C. Z. Weiser, of Goshenhoppen; Rev. Spangler, of Landisburg; Rev. Linderman of Perry County; and several others whose names could not be recalled, making a total of 44. Following Lutheran ministers were present: T. T. Iaeger, of Reading; D D. Trexler and J. S. Cressman, of Bernville; E. J. Brownmiller, of Ephrata, Ezra Reed, of Lancaster; F. J. F. Schantz, of Myerstown; and A. J. Long, of Stouchsburg.

A great many prominent people of the Schuylkill and Lebanon valleys also attended the funeral, including a number from Reading. The deceased was President of the Board of Trustees of Palatinate College. Myerstown, and Messrs. James T. Reber, of this city, and Lewis Kramer, of Stony Creek Mills, who are also members of the Board, were present at the funeral. The deceased was also a member of the Board of Managers of Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, and in addition to Dr. Bausman and Rev. Albright, whose name have been already mentioned, the following members of the Board were in attendance: Judge Laubach, of Lehigh county; Dr. Joseph Coblenz, of Reading, and William H. Levan, Esq., of Schuylkill Haven. Dr. Bausman is President of the Board, and Rev. Albright, Superintendent of the Orphans' Home, an institution in which the deceased took a great interest, as he did, in fact, in all good and charitable works.

ACTION OF

Board of Managers of Bethany Orphans' Home, on the death of Dr. C. H. Leinbach.

Another one of our members has entered into rest. Ripe in years, and rich in the precious results of a long and faithful ministry, our fellow-member, Dr. Charles H. Leinbach, fell asleep in the Lord, on July 15th, in the 68th year of his age. At least in years, if not in office, he was one of our oldest members. He became a member of our body in 1867. By nature and by grace he was peculiarly fitted to be a manager of such an institution. His tender, sympathizing heart was easily touched by the cry of the fatherless, and his hand was ever open to relieve their wants. But a few years ago, he travelled from house to house in his large field to gather help for our Home. Decided in his convictions, wise in counsel, just in his judgment, steadfast in faith and principle, we felt the great benefit of his presence, and with sadness do now feel the loss of our dear brother in Christ. His failings, if such they may be called, "leaned to virtue's side." So strong was his sympathy for the homeless, and the needy, that if a fatherless applicant presented a doubtful case, he would almost invariably plead the cause of the ill-founded application, and give the orphan the benefit of the doubt. As a Board of Managers, we bless God for his long and useful life, so abundant in charity, and in good works. Viewed from the hither side, his death seems to be a serious loss; viewed from the yonder side, it is an unspeakable gain. We mourn, but mourn with a cheerful hope. Though dead, he yet speaketh.

Resolved, That we cherish the memory of our departed brother; his childlike piety, his devout and earnest zeal in our orphans' work, his self denying devotion to the cause of Christ, as well as his genial companionship remain to us as a lasting legacy in our bereavement.

Resolved, That we hereby tender our hearty condolence and sympathy to his bereaved family, praying that the God of all consolation may comfort them in their affliction, and help them and us to follow those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises.

Action of the Board of Palatinate College.

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise and mysterious Providence, has removed from time into eternity, the Rev. C. H. Leinbach, D. D., the President of the Board of Trustees of Palatinate College, we, the Board of Trustees of Palatinate College, consider it due to our departed brother, to his family, as well as to ourselves, to give expression to our feelings of esteem, of affection and sympathy, in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the departure of Rev. Chas. H. Leinbach, the Board of Trustees of Palatinate College has sustained the loss of a faithful President, the college a warm friend, and the church an earnest worker. While we cherish his memory we pray that his mantle may fall upon his successors in the different positions in the church which he so worthily filled.

Resolved, That in the death of Father Leinbach we recognize the hand of God, admonishing us to be faithful to the trust and to be diligent in the work which is committed to us; for "the night cometh, when no man can work."

Resolved, That we sincerely condole and deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their sad affliction; that we commend them to God and His grace, who has promised in a special manner to be the widow's and the orphan's God; that with tearful eyes and hopeful hearts we point them to the Church Triumphant in heaven, the home and rest of God's weary people, where there will be a reunion of Christian families constituting the great family of God's children.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the bereaved family.

Resolved. That these resolutions be published in the Church papers.

J. T. REBER,
H. MOSSER,
J. E. HIESTER, } Committee.

DEPARTURE OF OUR MISSIONARY.

Rev. J. P. Moore, missionary-elect to Japan, will sail from San Francisco, on the steamer "City of Pekin," September 1st. A house has been rented as a place of residence for the missionary in Tsukiji, Tokio, Japan, where all correspondents will please address him after September 1st. The missionary regrets that because of somewhat impaired health, and also on account of sailing sooner than first intended, which the circumstances of the case made necessary, he is unable to visit brethren and places he had promised to visit.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Synod of the United States.

Red Hill.—St. Luke's Reformed congregation at Red Hill, Bucks county, Pa., received a legacy of $380. It was the balance of the estate of the widow, Elizabeth Dotterer, deceased.

Seneca County, New York.—Christ church, at Fayette Seneca county, a substantial stone structure erected in 1823, in the early years of the ministry of Rev. Dr. Willers—which has recently been remodeled and refurnished—was rededicated on the 16th of June.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser, of Montgomery county, Pa. An address was also delivered by Rev. J. B. Kniest, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. C. Gundlach, of the Reformed church, Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. J. W. Jacks, of the Presbyterian church, Romulus, N. Y., also attended and assisted the pastor in the services of the occasion.

NOTICE.

Lehigh Classis Sunday School Convention will meet in St. John's Church, Tamaqua, in the evening of the second Wednesday of August next. All delegates expecting to be in attendance will please inform the pastor, I. E. G., in advance, that provision can be made for them. A full attendance is desired.

I. E. GRAEFF.

Tamaqua, July 9, 1883.

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Miscellaneous.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That the cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son?

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Mill Creek Mission, Va.

The Rev. George A. Whitmore began his work in the new Mill Creek charge in Virginia in the middle of last March, and has thus far met with a reasonable degree of success. He has in all four preaching places, including two good churches. At present he has two large classes under instruction. The charge expects to build a parsonage at Mt. Jackson this summer, and this may lead to the organization of a new congregation at that point. Some old debts on the churches stand in the way of progress, and as soon as these are once removed the charge will be in a better way to sustain itself. Some of the people in this mission thought they could not support a pastor even with the help of the Classis and of the Board, and this was a difficulty in the way from the start; but the pastor had a better opinion of them than they had of themselves, and they are now beginning to see that he was right. It is not an uncommon thing for our Reformed people in other places to form a low opinion of themselves as it regards what they can do if they try. This impression—such a low estimate—does not carry in it anything that savors of the grace of humility. It is simply a mistake, and it is always proper and right that ministers and Classes should tell them of it, and teach them to take wider and broader views of what they can do, as well as of what they cannot do.

Williamsport, Pa.

The number of members in the new English Mission at Williamsport, Pa., has increased to seventy-two, and the Sunday-school has over eighty scholars. The congregation still worships in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., but ground has been broken for the new church building, and the corner-stone will be laid at no distant day. The German congregation that worship in the old church have been successful in securing the services of an efficient pastor in the person of the Rev. Adam Boley, who built up a German church in Philadelphia, and has now the prospects of building up another one without any cost to the church at Williamsport. Since he entered upon his duties in the congregation, last November, he has added seventy-one members to the church, and he has the prospect of adding still others. The two congregations, the German and the English, separated from each other in a truly Christian spirit over one year ago, as we then predicted that the divine blessing would rest on both branches; and in this we have not been mistaken. In our large towns and cities generally, we need both kinds of churches; and when the right spirit prevails they can be made to be mutually advantageous to each other.

Kansas.

The Rev. D. B. Shuey at present preaches at Emporia, Kansas, every two weeks, and so reserves to himself every other Sunday for missionary work at other places. A short time ago he spent a Sunday at Iola, where he found quite a number of Reformed people, and nearly all anxious for a Reformed Church. He preached to an audience of over sixty, and in the afternoon at Rose Hill, five miles distant, when about fifty persons were in attendance. He spent Monday and Tuesday in visiting such members of the church as he could find, and made his announcements to come again in six weeks. He was welcomed wherever he went. He has also visited other places, such as Abilene, Topeka and Atchison, where he found members of the church discouraged and passing over to other churches. He will visit them again.

When Mr. Shuey got to Emporia a house had been rented for his use at $15 per month; but after his goods were unloaded, it was soon found that it was too small to contain them, and so he sub-rented it, and began to cast about after another that was larger. Such a one, with six rooms, he found in the outskirts of the city; but as it rented for $25 per month, he put his wits to work and secured it for about what the smaller one would have cost him. How he did it we have not space here to explain; he himself, doubtless, would let any of his friends know, if they wish to inquire. With the money raised in the East he has paid off the church debt and purchased a lot for a parsonage, which he expects to put up at no distant day.

At the request of the Superintendent of Missions, the Rev. Charles W. Levan, recently from the Seminary at Lancaster, supplied the pulpit of the Ridgely Mission in Maryland for several Sundays a short time ago. The people seemed to like him and he seemed to like them; and so the Board appointed him to make his permanent residence on the Peninsula, and carry forward the missionary work commenced by the late Mr. Hannaberry. It is believed that he is in many respects well qualified to be useful in this field; and it is hoped that he will see his way clear to accept of the appointment, and go to work in gathering in the harvest. If he does, he will then be the third out of the class that recently left the Seminary to enter the missionary field. The class, as a whole, consisting of nine, were strongly imbued with the missionary spirit during the course of their studies.

At a recent meeting of the Missionary Council, the Rev. C. J. Musser, of Bedford county, was appointed missionary to Roanoke, Virginia. It was necessary that some person should be secured to take charge of that field, and the lot fell upon Mr. Musser. It is believed that he possesses the necessary qualifications to labor successfully in this new mission. He was the choice of the Board and of the Classis, and it is believed that the appointment will be confirmed by the church generally. He has been laboring usefully and successfully in his present field, and it will no doubt cost some sacrifice of feeling on the part of his congregations to agree to his withdrawal from them; but as the interests of the Church seem to call him away, it is hoped that, if he sees his way clear to accept of this appointment, all concerned will acquiesce in the voice of the Church, and follow him to his new sphere of labor with their prayers and benedictions.

Selections.

The law of heaven is love.—*Hannah More.*

That which has the most of the heart is our god.

On Sunday heaven's gates stand open.—*George Herbert.*

The highest form of Christian life is self-denial for the good of others.—*Rev. Dr. Park.*

None should hope for heaven who allow any thing to come in between them and Christ.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without trials and tribulations.—*Thos. a Kempis.*

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours

Christ appeared to each according as he was worthy—like as it is written of manna when God sent bread from heaven to the children of Israel, which adapted itself to every taste.—*Origen.*

Get your doctrine from the Bible. Get your example from Christ. A day will not pass after you have closed with Christ's promise, ere He will meet you with a counsel. Embrace both.

I do not find that to give up anxiety and to trust in God is difficult now, though it used to be. Blessed be my Lord, I cannot help believing Him, for He loads me down with evidences of His truth and fidelity.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

To be good and do the most good we can now and here, and to help others to be and do the same; to seek with all our might the highest welfare of the world we live in, and the realization of its ideal greatness and nobleness and blessedness—this is religion.—*Rev. Principal Caird.*

Science and Art.

The Society of Swiss Artists has restored Tell's chapel on the Lake of Lucerne, decorated it with some fine frescoes, and formally surrendered its care and keeping to the Government of the Canton of Uri.

It is a mistake to suppose that the crumbling of brick is due solely to great variations of temperature. M. Parvive traces the disintegration to a microscopic organism. Atmospheric action will, of course, readily second the destructive effects of that pioneer penetrator of all but the most compact and well-burned bricks.

Contrary to the statement in the last edition of the United States Dispensatory, that "the drops from a full bottle should be less than from one more or less emptied," Professor C. F. Himes, of Carlisle, Pa., has experimentally demonstrated—what anybody can find out for himself in a few minutes—that drops diminish in size as the bottle is emptied.

A species of spider has been discovered on the African coast, the long firm web of which very closely resembles yellow silk. It is said to be nearly as good as the product of silk-worms. The filaments have been examined by Lyons silk merchants with favorable results. There seems to be nothing to prevent the acclimatizing of the insect in France.

Dr. Baker Edwards, the Government analyst, has analyzed the so-called soda-waters sold by many apothecaries in Montreal, and reports that nearly all of them contain traces of lead, iron or copper, and that one sample was so largely impregnated with copper and lead as to be a dangerous beverage. He further says that none of the samples contained soda, only aerated water.

Among the pictures lately sold by the Marquis of Lansdowne to Mr. Mackay is the famous Rembrandt portrait purchased by the grandfather of its late owner, which has always been regarded as one of the choicest gems in the Bowood gallery. Complaint is made that before allowing it to go to America Lord Lansdowne had not given the refusal of it to the National Gallery, but perhaps he reflected that the gallery is rich in Rembrandts, and that $25,000 is a big figure.

Personal.

Pere Hyacinthe Loyson and wife will visit this country in about a month, and will remain nearly all the fall and winter.

A native of Japan, Hidesabo Saze, who graduated at Cornell University last year, and married a young lady of Indianapolis, is now employed by the Japanese Government in its agricultural department, with a salary of thirteen thousand dollars.

Oscar Wilde is described as hardly to be recognized since he had his hair cut short. As he has never worn in England the knee breeches in which he masqueraded on this side of the ocean, he is not eccentric in appearance, but simply ugly. His brother, Willie, aspires to pose in his stead as an æsthetic, but is regarded as a failure.

The approaching Luther celebration in Germany has directed attention to the Luther family, and it is learned that the male line became extinct in 1742. But from Luther's daughter has descended the present family of von Saucken in East Prussia, to which belong the Progressist members of the Prussian House of Representatives, von Saucken-Tarputschen and von Saucken-Julienfelde. It is said that one member of this family is married to a Berlin banker of Israelitic origin.

Among the items in the estimate of expenses for the Duke of Edinburgh's special mission to Moscow is £1,000 for "gratuities." People who think this amount is exorbitant will perhaps change their opinion on learning that when the Emperor Nicholas visited the Queen at Windsor Castle in 1844, he gave £2,000 to the servants and £1,000 to the housekeeper, as well as six gold snuff boxes, with his picture set in diamonds, to the lords of the household; and with his cipher to the equerries and grooms-in-waiting. These were the chief gifts; but for other dependents about a bushel of rings, watches, and brooches were distributed. When the late Emperor Napoleon stayed at Windsor in 1855, he left £1,500 for the servants.

Items of Interest.

Brackett is a Bostonian who sprinkled his carpets liberally with naphtha to rid them of moths. Then he lighted the gas and had an explosion violent enough to burn off his hair and beard, smash the furniture, and fire the house.

The 27th of September is the day fixed by the German Emperor for the inauguration of the national monument upon the Niederwall, on the borders of the Rhine, to commemorate the war of 1870-71 and the establishment of the German Empire. The Emperor will be present during the ceremonies and at the grand banquet that will be given at Wiesbaden.

It would be odd if woman suffrage should become the custom in Great Britain sooner than in the United States. That this is possible is indicated by the vote in the House of Commons of 114 ayes to 130 nays on Mr. Mason's motion to give the suffrage to those women whose property qualification allows them the municipal franchise. So small a hostile majority must be a hopeful sign for the friends of women suffrage.

Mr. Justice Moule sentenced a rural prisoner in England in the following words:—"Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent, the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent, I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass on you the sentence of the law. That is, that you be kept imprisoned one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may go about you business."

A farmer named James Moore died in Caldwell, Ohio, on June 14, leaving eleven children and a tract of land valued at $10,000. To his son Robert he had given forty acres and given a lease for thirty-two years of all the rest, so that the other children had a hopeless time to wait for any share in the property. Their lawyer advised them not to enter upon a legal contest, and suggested a conference with the lucky brother. To the astonishment of lawyer and clients, Robert, after a little conversation, tore up the lease and said that the land should be equally divided among the others, he himself taking the forty acres deeded to him years ago. He explained this unexpected action by saying that he was a Christian, and could not conscientiously leave his brothers and sisters out in the cold.

An epidemic of suicide has visited the Hungarian capital. Within two weeks three eminent public officials shot themselves dead, two of them because they had been guilty of peculation and feared exposure, and the third because he had become convinced that his long services had no prospect of being adequately recognised. The wretched pay of public officials has doubtless been the cause of many suicides, but a Magyar journal takes a broader view and thinks that the pessimism preached by Schopenhauer as a philosophy has filtered down through all ranks of society as a rule of life. The same journal remarks:—"From the Minister of State to the day laborer, from the lover out of luck to the ruined speculator on 'Change, comes one and the same complaint—Life is of no value. Why should I prolong it?".

A traveller describes the average porter of the hotels in Germany as a remarkable being. He is asked more questions in one day than an ordinary man can answer in two. He must reply to one question in Spanish, another in English, a third in dulcet Italian; the next second he must assume all the suave politeness of the mercurial Gaul; and before the taste of the last French nasal adjective has left his mouth, he must twist his tongue about the many spirals of a Russian consonantal noun. His gold-banded cap is ever ready to be lifted, his learned head eager to bend itself in a bow, and his linguistic tongue willing to answer any and all questions in almost any and all languages. But even this magnificent man of varied attainments, decked out though he is in a showy uniform, does not refuse to take what is offered him, be it gold, silver, or copper.

Custom officers along the Canadian frontier naturally become expert in detecting smugglers and have many amusing stories to tell of the devices employed to cheat the Government. One of the traits constantly exemplified before their eyes is the passion for smuggling, apart from any hope of pecuniary advantage. People buy articles in Canada at a higher price than they would have to pay at home, apparently for the mere excitement of an attempt to escape detection. "We came across, the other day," said a customs officer at Detroit last Friday to a reporter, "a novel and very close costume for this hot weather. We had our eyes open for an old man whom we had come to look upon with suspicion, because of the frequency of his visits. So at last we took him in, and upon stripping him found that his body, his arms, and his legs were closely wrapped with straw braid—such as they use in hat-making—and upon divesting him of his unique armor, we measured over 500 yards of the material.

Much difference of opinion exists as to the number of inhabitants in China. Estimates vary from 250,000,000 to 400,000,000. Dr. Happer, one of the oldest and most judicious missionaries, has made it a subject of long and careful study and inquiry. He has reached a very decided opinion that the number is rather below than above three hundred millions, and he thinks that 280,000,000 would be more nearly correct than any other figures. Seventy years ago (in 1812) the census reported 396,000,000, and in 1858 it was estimated at 414,687,000. Dr. Happer says: "In the Taip'ing rebellion, which was characterized by ruthless destruction and slaughter, sixteen provinces were desolated. It was followed by the Nienfei and Mussulman rebellions, and by the terrible famine of 1876-78. In these successive calamities vasts tracts of country were depopulated, and no small portion of them remains to this day unreclaimed.

"After considering these causes which affect the population of China, we think that most of our readers will agree with us in the opinion, that taking the census of 1812 as a ground of estimate, 300,000,000 is a probable estimate for the present population of the empire of China. If we accept the number which is given by Dr. Peterson's Mitthellunger as the probable population of the globe, viz., 1,429,145,000 to be correct, then China contains a little more than one-fifth of the population of the globe."

Editor Haskell, of the Boston *Herald*, has been eating the mango in Mexico. He says that this delicious fruit is apt at first to embarrass and perplex a stranger to no small degree. In shape it resembles a pear with the stem at the wrong end, flattened, however, like a bean, and with the small end turned over to one side, something like the figures common on cashmere shawls. "Inside is a very large seed, which forms a considerable impediment to the enjoyment of the inexperienced," Mr. Haskell relates, "for the pulp is joined to this in a stringy way, and it is difficult to handle the slippery thing. A thoroughly ripe mango has a kind of combination of muskmelon and baked custard aspect and texture to its deep yellow pulp, and its rich flavor is indescribable, except that when eaten for the first time it seems to have a slight trace of turpentine, which disappears on acquaintance. The large yellow variety seemed to me to have a very slight and delicate flavor of peanut candy. The person who eats a mango for the first time generally covers himself with confusion and his face with mango pulp and juice, which is very sticky and yellow, so that he looks as if somebody had been feeding him with soft-boiled eggs in the dark. It will not do to eat a mango as one would an ordinary fruit, the correct way being to use a mango fork, which has but one tine, and therefore is really not a fork at all, but a spit. With this the fruit is impaled at one end and the point thrust firmly in the seed, which may thus be stripped of its last pulp without soiling the fingers."

Books and Periodicals.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. July. The present number contains seven articles. Rev. C. W. Park, late missionary to Bombay, India, contributes an interesting paper on the Brahma Somaj, a religious reformatory movement in India, inaugurated in the beginning of the present century by Ram Mahan Rai. The writer promises to continue the subject. There is a translation of a paper read by Dillmann before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin on the Origin of the Primitive Historical Traditions of the Hebrews, in which he strongly argues against the view advocated by Haupt and Friederich Delitzsch, that the early traditions in the opening chapters of Genesis were derived from Babylon after the Exile. Rev. Edward Lawrence answers, doubtless to his own satisfaction, the question, whether the theology of Calvin is worth saving. Dr. Miner's Article on the Doctrines of Universalism is able and timely. In a symposium on the Antediluvian Narratives, Prof. Curtiss gives an outline of the views entertained respectively by Lenormant, Friederich Delitzsch, Haupt and Dillman. Schleiermacher's "Absolute Feeling of Dependence" and its Effects on his Doctrines of God forms the subject of an admirable article by Dr. Foster; and Prof. Scott gives an account of Religious Instruction in Prussian High Schools.

THE GUARDIAN, a Monthly Magazine for Young Men and Women, Sunday-Schools and Families. Rev. J. H. Dubbs, Editor. Contents for August: Early Friendships: History of the Hymns, by Rev. H. M. Kieffer; Beginnings of the Reformed Church, by the editor; Summer Evening, by the editor; A Remarkable Man, by Rev. J. B. Shontz; The Origin of the American Indians, by the editor; The Gospel as Histories—Mary a Contributor, by C. Z. W.; The Boy who stopped the Fight. Our Cabinet: Wilberforce's Financial Maxim; Odes to Dellius; Doubtful Anecdotes; Our Book Table. Sunday-School Department: Map of the Holy Land; Order of Services; Early Reformed Sunday-schoo's; Curious People; Stop Awhile; Nearness to God; Lessons for August.

Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board, No. 907 Arch Street.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the Living Age for July 21st and 28th contain Frederick II. and Maria Theresa, Edinburgh Review; The Responsibilities of Unbelief; A Conversation between Three Rationalists, by Vernon Lee, Contemporary Review; Agnostic Morality, by Francis Power Cobbe, Contemporary Review; A Northman's Story, Longman's Magazine; Reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor, by Lady Lytton Bulwer, Tinsley's Magazine; Rudder Grange, Saturday Review; Lord Lawrence, Quarterly Review; Luther, by James A. Froude, Contemporary; Mrs. Delaney in Ireland, Temple Bar; The First Warning, Cornhill: Terra Cotta, Novelty Magazine; Norwegian Building, Builder; with an instalment of "The Wizard's Son," the conclusion of "The Little World, a story of Japan," and the usual amount of choice poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 00 monthlies or weeklies with the LIVING AGE for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

August is the great holiday month, and the August ST. NICHOLAS is essentially a holiday number, taking its readers away from the great cities to the mountains and sea-side, by the brooks and the breakers.

Edwin Lasseter Bynner contributes an amusing and capitally illustrated story, entitled "Our Special Artist," which deals with the varied experiences and laughable failures of a boy who undertakes amateur photography at a military camp and in a trip through the mountains of Virginia.

A bright, amusing and exciting sea story is the Rev. Charles R. Talbot's "Lady of the Chingachgook," which tells how a young girl took possession of a yacht, to the owner's excessive annoyance, and helped him to win a race, to his exceeding delight.

Maurice Thompson, in the "Work and Play Department," has a seasonable paper on "Fly-fishing for Black Bass," which he writes for the double purpose of advocating fly-fishing as a sport for boys and girls, and of putting forward the claims of the naturally diffident black bass as a game fish and rival of the trout.

There is also an excellent story for girls called "Zintha Fortune," by Kate Tannatt Woods, which tells of the struggles and ultimate success of a young prairie maiden in her efforts to find her father. The Frontispiece, by Jessie McDermott, illustrates a charming poem by Margaret Johnson, entitled, "The Beautiful Day"; Bessie Hill has some illustrated verses, "In Summertime," and Celia Thaxter writes "The Story of a Castle."

J. T. Trowbridge takes the "Tinkham Brothers" through a thrilling midnight attack on their "Tide-mill"; the "Swept Away" party in Edward S. Ellis's serial have several exciting adventures in their voyage down the swollen waters of the Mississippi, and Harry M. Kieffer relates how he "Went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves."

There are, in addition, stories, sketches, jingles and pictures by Charlotte A. Butts, Adelia B. Beard, A. Brennan, Harlan H. Ballard, Elizabeth Abercrombie, Rose Muller, W. Taber, J. W. Champney, Geo. F. Barnes, W. H. Shelton, H. A. Johnson, and many others.

Married.

On July 19th, at the residence of the bride, 413 Lex street, by Rev. M. L. Firor, Mr. Jas. F. Humrichouse to Mrs. V. L. R. Humrichouse, both of Baltimore city.

On the 10th instant, in Wichita, Kansas, by Rev. I. G. Brown, Mr. Lewis Allen to Miss Mary Thompson.

Obituaries.

DIED.—On the 12th instant, near Marshall, Kansas, Samuel C., son of E. C. and C. E. Gobin, aged 1 year and 3 months.

DIED.—In Bedford, Pa., July 16, Howard Faville Mowry, aged 26 years, 9 months and 3 days.

After but a short sickness, when we were looking for his recovery, this young Christian brother was called away from a happy and useful life. To us who mourn, it seems like a dream, and when we realize our loss, unable to see the meaning of this Providence, we can only apply to our troubled hearts the Divine words, "Be still, and know that I am God."

The deceased was the only son in the happy family of Elder John A. Mowry, consisting of the parents, two daughters, Howard and his young wife. He was their pride, and to his promising future they looked with bright hopes. Of steady habits, dignified demeanor, bright mental endowments, close application to work, and commanding the respect and confidence of the community, his success, already begun, was only a question of time.

At the time of his death he was deputy Register and Recorder, Reporter for the Courts of Bedford and Somerset counties, and Attorney for the Commissioners of Bedford county. He was a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, read law under Hon. S. L. Russel, and in July, 1880, was admitted to the Bedford bar. His legal brethren bear testimony to his "literary and legal attainments," "his integrity" and "unsullied Christian character." The bar were deeply affected by his death; and while the committee was preparing the tribute of respect to his memory, the other members of the bar sat in silence, with bowed heads.

Fitted by the qualities already mentioned, to adorn his professional life, he was even more fitted to grace his Christian home. His obedience to his parents, regard for their counsel and affection for the family he retained with all the freshness of boyhood, while his prudence and judgment were such as would have graced riper years.

Anticipating his death, when others thought there was no danger, he asked for the prayers of his parents with the trust and tenderness of a child, yet concealed from their eyes his sufferings. Knowing what a break in the family circle his death would cause, he left such messages and directions as would afford consolation after his departure, and yet with such caution and tenderness as that nothing but a mother's love saw through his meaning. He knew, what none but his mother feared, and for this end he put himself in readiness.

The family life was centred in him. Parents consulted him, the sisters looked up to him, the wife lived for him.

Large and manly in his form, thoughtful and calm in manner, overflowing with tenderness in his love, all found in him joy and strength.

God only knows the desolation of that home, but He is their refuge and their strength. In the dark hour of their distress they had the comfort that their loved one having lived unto the Lord had died unto the Lord.

Knowing the salvation wrought for him through the death of the Lamb, they, though sorrowing, sorrow with hope, and though cast down neither murmur nor rebel.

In boyhood he gave his heart to God, and was confirmed by Rev. Mr. Heckerman. In the communion of our Church his life unfolded in genial, brotherly charity. His Christian love was not repressed by denominational limits. Some of his warmest friends were members of other churches, and his intercourse with Jew or Christian was free from bigotry. His discourse was pure, thoughtful and charitable. One of his college professors remarked, that he had less to say, expressed more in what he said, and knew better when to stop, than any young man he had ever met. In addressing the bar a legal friend said that, through years of acquaintance, he had never heard from him "a profane, thoughtless or coarse expression."

Last spring he was ordained deacon in our congregation. The father elder—the son deacon, in the house of God.

Six months ago he was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Mann, a lovely Christian woman. Their love was pure, beautiful, elevating. Their life was like a summer day. Wherever they went smiles met them, and many a silent God-bless-them ascended from kindly hearts charmed by their beautiful affection. Heavy, heavy the stroke for one so young! In the great family of saints we all suffer with each sorrowing member. Let our prayers then ascend to the throne of grace for her who is afflicted beyond her years.

E. N. K.

DIED.—Fell asleep, at Smithsburg, Md., on the morning of the 3d of July, Eleanor Slicer Pearson, aged 70 years, 11 months and 17 days.

Mrs. Pearson, the esteemed wife of Mr. Geo. Pearson, was a consistent and devoted member of the Reformed congregation, at Cavetown, Md. In the departure of our friends, there is the comfort that, as they lived a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, they are, by death, translated into a life where "faith is changed into seeing." If this life, which is one of sorrow, were all it would be dreary indeed. But now "is Christ risen," and the assurance is to the faithful believer that, if this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, there is a house awaiting him in the heavens. So of those who fall asleep in Jesus, they are removed from our side, but are still one with us.

"The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make."

I believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen. S.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has sent four missionaries to China, two to Mexico, and two to Brazil; and the Woman's Board has sent four ladies. Twelve in one year shows an advancement.

The *Chicago Interior* says: "More than sixteen hundred of our churches gave nothing last year to home missions; nearly two thousand gave nothing to foreign missions, and more than three thousand gave nothing to education and publication."

In Alaska there are four distinct tribal families—the Wolves and Whales, which are nearly connected, and of low caste, and the Crows and Cinnamon Bears of high caste. The Presbyterian Church has a prosperous mission among them, the headquarters of which are at Fort Wrangle and Sitka.

Judge Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has written in *The Evangelist* a very lucid discussion of the date of our Saviour's crucifixion, in which, after considering all the conditions, he comes to the now generally accepted conclusion that it occurred on Friday, April 7th, A. D. 30.

Dr. Newman Smyth read before the recent Congregational Association of Connecticut a paper on the decrease in the numbers of the ministry, in which he maintained that denominationalism was one of the chief causes, and declared that if a Protestant Pope could begin at the Atlantic coast and go westward, organizing all evangelical churches according to the religion in the denominational requirements of the community, he would have ministers enough left to supply the isles of the sea with missionaries.

An ecclesiastical council of the Howard Avenue Congregational Church, New Haven, met lately for the purpose of passing upon the fitness of the Rev. Charles Park, of Andover, Mass., to preach for them. A resolution was passed by a vote of 15 to 9 declaring "that while recognizing the ability and spirit of the candidate, yet in view of the fact that he holds views in regard to infant baptism not acceptable in our churches, and on other doctrines, we do not see our way clear to proceed to the installation." The Rev Mr. Park is regarded as a man of ability and learning, and the action of the church excites comment.

A notable feature among the Sunday-schools of Savannah, Ga., are the Annual Festivals, held on Sabbath evenings in the months of May and June, by the different schools. The exercises consist of a processional and a recessional hymn, during which the whole school marches together; exercises by each class, consisting of recitations, etc., offerings from each class, remarks by the pastor, and other services. Each class carries a very beautiful banner different from all the others, and during the services these banners are all arranged one by one around and within the chancel or pulpit, remaining there during the remarks by the pastor. The beautiful flowers, singing, and other exercises, make these "festivals" very interesting events in the history of each school for the year.

In an address before the Chicago Congregational Club, Professor Kirk made some whole some remarks about juvenile literature. After calling attention to the evil tendencies of much of the popular literature for children, he said that the average Sunday-school library was not made up of good books, but the merest trash, and they should be burned. The books in the Sunday-school were not the works of cultured men, and they were not such books as children should be allowed to read. The young ought to have standard books in history, biography, and poetry. There should be a reading-room in connection with every Sunday-school. The Superintendent, and in fact all the officers of the Sunday-school, should be paid for their services, and then expected to attended to their duties faithfully.

The Quakers of Philadelphia and vicinity are troubled concerning the falling off of their numbers. At the yearly meeting recently held this matter was made the subject of discussion. Several of the leading Friends gave it as their opinion that the increase of wealth is at the bottom of the trouble. Their children have no fancy for the old fashions, but desire to put on more style, and to live like the world's people. Very few of the young folks, rich or poor, are following in the ways of their parents. The only way in which these young people can be saved to Quakerism is for the more elder ones to relax their old rules as to costume and amusements. If the young ones cannot have within the bounds of Quakerism the liberty they want, they will seek it elsewhere, notably in the Protestant Episcopal church, whither a great many of them are going.

Abroad.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is the only state in Europe where the Bible is forbidden by law to be sold.

The Society of Friends in England has just repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly 200 years.

Madrid, Spain, has five Protestant chapels. It also has two special missions, one supported largely by German Christians, and the other maintained chiefly by Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, England. These are all laboring manfully in the city of Madrid, and gradually gaining a foothold.

A missionary from the Island of Peru, in the Samoan group, writes that there is not a heathen left. Missionary labors were commenced there only eleven years ago. During this time the whole island has been evangelized, churches, chapels, mission-houses have been built at their own expense, and they are now supporting their own pastors and contributing to the society that sent them pastors and teachers.

For more than three hundred years a French Protestant congregation has assembled Sunday by Sunday in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, forming a link with the Huguenots, who, when driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, settled in Canterbury. The late Archbishop Tait always took a deep interest in the congregation, and the archbishop elect has just intimated to Rev. J. A. Martin, the pastor, the interest he takes in the congregation.

The Pope, in his letter to President Grévy concerning the affairs of his Church in France, enters complaints in regard to four things: 1. The expulsion of the religious orders. 2. The suspension of the salaries of curates. 3. The Army Bill, which militates against the supply of priests. 4. The "arbitrary" changes proposed before the Concordat Commission which "render the Church unable to defend its rights against the usurpations of the State." It is said that the President will reply in a conciliatory spirit. Meanwhile, the Archbishop of Paris is complaining bitterly against the suppression of chaplaincies in the Paris hospitals. The decree allows any patient who so desires to summon a parish priest, and the Archbishop says the priest should stipulate for liberty to visit all professing Catholics. This does not seem unreasonable, and very probably may be permitted by the Government, which will, nevertheless, persistently decline to pension priests as sole chaplains to such institutions.

The Russian Government and the Vatican have arrived at an agreement in regard to their mutual relations. Roman Catholics will be allowed freedom in matters of faith, but are forbidden to interfere in questions relating to the temporal power. The right of the Government to inspect seminaries, and to exercise control over the education of Roman Catholic children in the Russian language, is recognized, and all appointments of teachers are to be submitted for the approval of the Government. The rights of the Bishops in giving instruction in "the canonical branches" remain untouched, and the power of removing clergymen is restored to them. The exceptional measures taken against the Catholics in 1864 are to be abrogated. This all seems to be in the right direction—preserving the rights of the Government in secular matters over all its subjects, but conceding full religious liberty. All this, however, ought to be done just as well without any negotiations with the Vatican.

The confessional status of the Prussian public schools is shown in the following statistical report:—Of 59.927 male and female teachers, 40,897 are of the evangelical, 18,626 of the Catholic, and 394 of the Jewish faith. Of the 40 897 evangelical teachers, 39,106 are in evangelical schools; of the 18,626 Catholic ones, 17,429 are in Catholic schools; hence. 56 535 out of 59.523, are in schools of their respective confessions. Of 4,339,729 children, 2,723,911 go to evangelical and 1.405.989 to Catholic schools, making a total of 4,129,900 in Christian schools. There are 33 040 schools with 65,968 classes; of these 22.821. with 42.931 cla ses, are evangelical; 9,452, with 19.595, Catholic; the aggregate of Christian schools thus amounting to 32,273 schools, with 62,526 classes. Besides these there are 250 Jewish schools. with 316 classes, 810 teachers, and 10.037 children. A census of the pupils, respecting their religious belief, has not been taken of late years. In 1871 there were in the confessional public schools 2,485,822 evangelical pupils, 1.275,818 Catholics, 36,443 Jewish children, and 5,427 children of dissidents; together 3,803,510 pupils, making, with 97.145 pupils in mixed schools, an aggregate of 3,900 655. As regards these mixed schools in particular, there are now in 517 of them, with teachers of divers confessions. 199,792 children under 1,791 evangelical, 1,197 Catholic, and 84 Jewish teachers respectively.

The real cost of soap is not to be estimated by the price paid, but by the results. Soap made of inferior stock, or of good materials not properly combined, will injure whatever it is used upon, so it is not cheap at any price. The Ivory Soap which Prof. Cornwall, of Princeton College, says "Is very "well made, and can "not injure anything," is certainly very cheap at the price which any grocer will furnish it to you.

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Cumberland Valley Railroad.

TIME TABLE.—MAY 21st, 1883.

Stations.	N. O. Exp.	Acc'n. Train	Soth'n Mail	Phil. Exp.	Carl. Acc.*	Hb'g. Exp.
UP TRAINS.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.
Leave Baltimore	11 20	.....	7 35	10 50	.....	4 35
" Philadelphia..	11 20	4 30	7 40	11 05	.....	5 40
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
" Harrisburg....	3 15	7 35	11 30	4 05	6 30	8 55
" Mechanicsb'g	3 38	8 04	11 50	4 30	7 00	9 26
" Carlisle.....	4 00	8 30	12 10	4 55	7 26	9 42
" Newville.....	4 23	8 55	12 30	5 20	.....	10 06
" Shippensburg	4 44	9 19	12 50	5 45	.....	10 25
Ar. Chambersb'g	5 07	9 45	1 08	6 08	.....	10 55
Lv. Chambersb'g	5 12	9 50	1 10	6 12	.....	P. M.
" Greencastle...	5 35	10 14	1 30	6 35	.....	
Ar. Hagerstown..	6 00	10 40	1 50	7 00	.....	A. M.†
Lv. Hagerstown..	A. M.	10 45	2 00	7 05	.....	6 05
Ar. Martinsburg..	DAILY	11 30	3 90	7 50	.....	6 45
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.

* On Saturdays this train will leave Harrisburg at 5 30 P. M.

† Monday Morning Accommodation.

Stations.	Hb'g. Exp.	Sat. Acc'n	Mail Train.	Phila. Exp.	Mail Exp.	N. Y. Exp.
DOWN TRAINS		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Lv. Martinsburg	.....	8 00	7 00	.....	3 00	DAILY
Ar. Hagerstown..	.....	8 50	7 54	.....	3 48	P. M.
Lv. Hagerstown..	.....	P. M.	8 00	11 50	3 55	9 05
" Greencastle...	.....	.....	8 26	12 15	4 23	9 35
Ar. Chambersb'g	A. M.	.....	8 50	12 38	4 50	9 45
Lv. Chambersb'g	4 30	Carl.	8 55	12 42	4 55	9 50
" Shippensburg	4 56	Acc'n	9 19	1 06	5 21	10 10
" Newville.....	5 18	A. M.	9 42	1 30	5 46	10 30
" Carlisle	5 42	7 30	10 08	1 58	6 15	10 50
" Mechanicsb'g	6 06	7 57	10 33	2 23	6 45	11 10
Ar. Harrisburg...	6 35	8 30	11 00	2 55	7 15	11 30
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Ar. Philadelphia	10 20	.....	3 15	7 25		2 55
" Baltimore.....	10 20	.....	.....	5 20	.....	.....
	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.		A. M.

C. V. R. R.—SOUTH PENN BRANCH.

Mixed Train	Mail Train		Mail Train	Mixed Train
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
9 50	6 05	Lve.....Chambersburg.....Arr	8 45	4 50
10 03	6 20	" .....Marion..... "	8 30	4 35
12 20	7 02	" .....Mercersburg..... "	7 45	3 10
12 00	7 25	" .....Loudon..... "	7 20	2 30
12 15	7 35	Arr.....Richmond ..... "	7 10	2 15
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

J. F. BOYD, Superintendent.

A. H. M'CULLOH, General Ticket Agent.

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1883. 1883.

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GUARDIAN.

A monthly Magazine for Young Men and Women and for Sunday-school Teachers. The Sunday-school has a special Department, in which are the **Lessons and Comments,** or **Notes** for use of Teachers. A valuable assistant in the study and teaching of the Sunday-school Lessons from the Reformed standpoint.

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General News.

HOME.

Condensed News.

General E. O. C. Ord died at Havana, of yellow fever, last week.——Nellie Rosenberg, a bright girl 14 years of age, was drowned while bathing in the ocean at Atlantic City on the 24th inst.—— Hon. Thomas Swan, of Maryland, once Governor of that State and Representative in Congress, as well as Mayor of Baltimore and President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, died at his summer residence near Leesburg, Virginia.——Ex Treasurer Marshall T. Polk, of Tennessee, has been convicted of embezzlement and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment and a fine equal to the amount embezzled—over $300,000.

Fires.

Leonard & Blackie's twine factory, at Piqua, Ohio, was burned on Wednesday night. Loss, $35,000. Four firemen were severely injured by the falling of a wall.——The Howe Sewing Machine Company's Works, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, were destroyed by fire. Loss about $350,000.

Severe Storm.

A severe thunder-storm passed over Milwaukee on Saturday morning, with a rainfall of "one and one-sixteenth inches in a single shower." A number of buildings were damaged, and some wrecked by lightning.

There was a heavy frost at the Crawford House in the White Mountains on Wednesday night.

Railroad Collision.

By the railroad collision on the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad, at Carlyon Station, on Friday evening, 16 persons were killed. Among them were Louis J. Boos and wife, of Philadelphia. Fourteen persons were injured, among them Miss Alice Jennison, of Philadelphia, who had an ankle broken.

The Telegraphers' Strike.

The situation of affairs in the telegraphers' strike has not materially changed since last week, both sides seeming to regard the matter as a question of endurance. The strikers express the belief that the sentiment of the business public will force the Western Union Company to yield, while the Company reiterates its ability to supply the public wants indefinitely, and declares that the strikers will be forced to come in when their funds are exhausted, if not before. The Bell Telephone men predict serious trouble for that Company this week, and declare that it will be found the wisest policy to take its old hands back. A new complication is said to have arisen in a disagreement between the Baltimore and Ohio and American Rapid Companies.

Suicide of the Spanish Minister.

Senor Barca, the Spanish Minister to this country, committed suicide early on Sunday morning by shooting himself, in the Albermarle Hotel, in New York.

Death at an Excursion on the Potomac River.

Under the auspices of a beneficial society connected with the Corpus Christi Roman Catholic Church, an annual excursion was given, which was attended by over 1000 people. Three trips the barge Cockage City made to the Point, taking down and bringing back passengers.

At 9 o'clock she arrived at the wharf for her last complement. Pretty well tired out, and anxious to secure good seats, the people made a rush to get on board as soon as the barge made fast to the pier. Full 200 crowded on the narrow pier. Rev. W. E. Starr, pastor of the church, who accompanied the excursionists, and the gate keepers vainly requested the people again and again to keep back.

Suddenly a crash was heard, and in an instant, before the eyes of the terrified spectators, the end of the pier was seen to give way, and a wild cry of agony was heard from the unfortunate persons who went down into the water with the debris of the wharf.

Most of those on the broken pier were young people. A number were rendered unconscious by injuries from the timber of the pier, others from fright, but there was a large portion of those thus thrown into the water who struggled desperately for their lives. Many sank into the water from exhaustion, others were pulled down by those who were drowning, while by the efforts of their friends a large proportion were rescued and brought safely to land.

Death of Webb, the Swimmer.

Buffalo, July 25, 1883.

Captain Matthew Webb, the famous English swimmer, made the greatest attempt of his life at Niagara to-day and failed. His plan was to swim through the terrific whirlpool about two miles below the Falls, something that had never been done and generally regarded as impossible. Visitors at Niagara are familiar with the great whirlpool which is hardly less a natural wonder than the cataract. Its power is irresistible, and there is no instance on record of any living being going through it in safety. The rapids leading to the whirlpool proper are also of tremendous force, dashing up several feet, and when once in the fatal circular pool bodies of drowned persons have been known to remain there for weeks revolving all the time with great rapidity.

His body was found on Saturday near Lewiston, four miles below the head of the rapids.

FOREIGN.

Madagascar.

London, July 26.—A dispatch to Reuter's Telegram Company from Tamatave, under date of July 18, says: "The state of siege is strictly maintained. There are four French men-of-war in the harbor, and other French war ships are on the way to Tamatave from Réunion. The British war ships Dragon and Dryad have sailed for Tamatave, and the American man-of-war Enterprise has gone to Zanzibar. Six English missionaries, with their families, are detained in the interior, and are unable to reach Tamatave."

South Africa.

London, July 26.—Additional advices from Durban, relative to the death of King Cetewayo at the hands of the insurgents, assert that all of his wives and many of his chiefs were also killed.

Town Destroyed by an Earthquake—Three Thousand Persons Killed.

London, July 29.—The town of Cassamicciola, on the Island of Ischia, near Naples, was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake last night. The neighboring towns of Forio and Lacceameno were greatly damaged. One hundred persons, more or less severely injured, have arrived at Naples by steamers. The number of people killed is not known.

Naples, July 29.—Steamers loaded with injured people are constantly arriving here from the scene of the calamity. The hospitals are already filled with sufferers.

Rome, July 29.—The Minister of Public Works has gone to Casamicciola to organize measures of relief. The shocks began at half-past nine o'clock last night. At that hour a majority of the people of the upper classes were at the theatre. Nearly all of the houses in the town collapsed. It is estimated that one thousand persons were killed and eight hundred injured. A number of steamers have been brought into service to carry the injured to Naples. The impression produced by the disaster is indescribable. Many of the victims belong to good families.

London, July 30.—It is impossible as yet to give the number of the dead at Casamicciola. In the latest accounts the number is estimated at three thousand. The Hotel Piccola Sentinella sank in the earth and buried many of its inmates.

Fatal Mine Explosion.

London, July 29.—An explosion has occurred in a mine at Caltanisetta, Sicily, by which 35 miners out of a total of 70 lost their lives.

Demand on Tangier.

Tangier, July 29.—An Italian squadron has arrived here to support Italy's ultimatum, insisting upon the full payment of claims of Italian subjects. The Sultan has not yet replied to Italy's demands, but it is expected that he will yield to them.

Dead.

London, July 29.—The Count de Persano, ex-Admiral of the Italian navy is dead, in the 78th year of his age.

The Tonquin Matter.

Paris, July 28.—A despatch was received at the Ministry of Marine to-day announcing that the French troops had made a sortie from Ha-Noi, inflicting a severe loss on the enemy. The despatch says: "Col. Badens made a sortie on the 19th from Ha-Noi with a force of 520 men. He captured seven pieces of artillery and killed 1000 of the enemy. The loss of the French in the movement was only 11 men."

The Cholera.

London, July 25.—Lord Hartington, Secretary of War, said this afternoon in the House of Commons that there had been fourteen cases of cholera among the British troops in Egypt, eleven of which proved fatal.

Alexandria, July 26.—There were 422 deaths from cholera in Cairo yesterday.

London, July 26.—There were two deaths from cholera at Alexandria, Egypt, yesterday.

Alexandria, July 28.—Several cases of cholera were reported in this city to-day, one of which was fatal. If the epidemic attacks the British troops, a camp will be formed outside the Rosetta gate and another at Ramleh. The number of deaths from cholera at Cairo yesterday was 277. Among the number were three British soldiers. At Chibin there were 105 deaths from the disease, at Mehalla 52, at Tantah 28, and at Ismailia 3, including 1 British soldier at the latter place, 11 Damietta, 24 at Ghizeh, 12 at Ziften, 9 at Zagizig, 37 at Mitgamr, one at Kafr el-Dwar, 20 in the Province of Gallionbieh, 5 in the Province of Garbieh, and 39 in the Province of Menoufieh.

Perfect in Formation.
Safe in Application.
Sure in Operation.
Healthful in Effect.

These statements are not too strong to apply to an article which will *with certainty* preserve all kinds of food whether fish, flesh or fowl, in all climates and under all conditions.

"REX MAGNUS"

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVATIVE

will do this without fail. There have been many worthless compounds offered to the public which have utterly failed to make good their pretensions, but REX MAGNUS after the most rigorous tests in which it has been entirely successful, has received the hearty endorsement of scientific and business men.

Try it and be Convinced.

You can do so at a trifling cost. You do not have to buy a costly recipe or county right. If your grocer or druggist does not keep it, we will send a sample package sent prepaid by mail, or express, as we prefer, and name your express office.

Cheap in Price, Simple in Use.

"Viandine," for meats, poultry, &c., 50 cts. per lb. "Ocean Wave," for oysters, lobsters, &c., 50 cts. "Pearl," for cream, $1.00. "Snow Flake," for milk, butter, &c., 50 cts. "Queen" for eggs, $1.00. "Aqua Vitae," for fluid extracts, &c., $1.00. "Anti-Ferment," "Anti-Fly," and "Anti-Mold" 50 cts. per lb. each.

Put up in 1 lb. and 5 lb. cans and in 25 lb. boxes. Directions for use are so plain and simple, that a child can follow them.

The Cost is Trifling.

For a pound of meat, fish, butter, or cheese, for a quart of milk or a pint of oysters, the cost of the preservative required will not exceed one cent. This places it *within the reach of all.* It never fails. Mention this paper.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, July 30, 1883.

COTTON.—Sales of middlings at 10¼c.; low middlings, at 10c., and good ordinary at 8¼c.

FEED.—Sales of 4 cars winter Bran, spot, at $16, and 1 car choice red middlings, spot, at $19 ₱ ton.

FLOUR.—We quote: Western and Pennsylvania, superfine, $3 25@3 62½; do. do. extras, $3.75@4.25: Pennsylvania extra family, $4.90@5.20; Ohio extra family, $5 50@6; Indiana extra family, $5.50@6; St. Louis and Southern Illinois extra family. $5 50@6.25; Minnesota bakers', clear, $5@5.75; Minnesota, bakers' straight, $5.75@6; patents. Winter wheat, $6@6.75; do. Spring wheat, $6.50@7.25. Rye Flour moves slowly at $3.25@3 50 ₱ barrel.

WHEAT.—Sales of 400 bushels damp, on dock, at $1.05; 1500 bushels ungraded, on dock, at $1.08; 2400 bushels steamer, on track, at $1.12@1.13; 1800 bushels No. 2 red, in export elevator, at $1.16; 5000 bushels No. 2 red, August, at $1.17, and 10,000 bushels do. do. at $1.16¾, closing as follows: No. 2 red, July, $1.15⅞ bid and $1.16¼ asked; August $1.16 bid and $1.16¾ asked; September, 1.17⅞ bid and $1.18 asked.

CORN.—Sales of 1200 bushels rejected yellow, on track, at 62c.; 600 bushels No. 3 mixed, in grain depot, at 62c.; 600 bushels sail mixed, in grain depot, at 63¼c.; 1800 bushels high do. do. in grain depot, at 65c.; and 5000 bushels sail mixed, September, at 62½c.

OATS.—Sales of 4 cars No. 3 white at 44@44½c.; 1 car choice do. do. at 45c.; 12 cars No. 2 white, early, at 44¾@45c.; 2 cars do. do, later, at 45¼c., and 2 cars do. do., on track, at 46. Futures were quiet but firm, closing as follows: No. 2 white, July, 44c. bid and 45c. asked; do. August, 40c. bid and 40¼c. asked; do. September, 37½c. bid and 39c. asked.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote: Timothy, choice Western and New York, $15; do. No. 1 do. do., $14@15; do. No. 2 do. do. $12@13; mixed, $11@13; damaged and low grades, $8@10; cut hay, $15@18; rye straw, $11; wheat straw, $6@7; cut straw, $8.

HIDES.—We quote: City slaughter steers, 9½@10c. per lb.; selected, 6½ feet across the shoulder, for patent and enameled purposes, free from cuts, grubs or brands, 11@11½c.; culls of above, 2c. less in price; bulls, salted, 6½@7c.: cows, over 55 lbs. spready, 7¼@8c; do. light, 40@60 lbs., 7½@8c.; cows, culls, 6½@7c.; green steer from butchers, 7½c.; do. cow do., 5½c.; bulls from butchers, 5c.; horse hides, green, $2@2 50 apiece; do. green salted, $3 apiece; calfskins, salted, city, 13@13½c. per lb.; do., green, do., 12@13c.; do. do. country, 12c.; kips, city, $1.75@2 apiece.

8 acres of John Wanamaker General Store near New City Hall Philadelphia!

HOPS.—We quote: New York State, 1882, choice, 35c.; do. do. fair to prime, 25@32c.; Pacific Coast, 28@35c.; New York State, 1881, 25@30c.

MOLASSES.—New Orleans was steady, at 34c. for common up to 55c. for fancy. Sugar-house molasses was dull at 14@16c., the latter for extra heavy.

WOOL.—Sales of 1,350,000 lbs. during the week. We quote: Ohio, Pennsylvania and W. Va. fleece, washed, XX and above, 37@40c.; X, 36@37c.; half blood, 40@42c; quarter blood, 35@36c.; common, 26@29c.; New York, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin fleece, washed, XX, 34@36c.; X, 33@35c.; half blood, 39@40c; quarter blood, 34@35c.; common, 26@28c.; Combing and DeLaine Fleece—Washed, fine DeLaine, 40@42c.; do. medium, 42@43c.; do. low, 35@37c.; unwashed, medium, 30@34c.; do. low, 22@27c.

BUTTER.—We quote: Creamery, Pennsylvania, extra, 21@23c.; firsts, 19@20c.; do. Western extra, 21@23c.; firsts, 19@20c.; do. imitation, extra, 18c.; firsts, 15@17c.; Welsh tubs, nominal; Bradford county, nominal; Western dairy extra, 16@17c.; firsts, 13@15c.; factory, extra, 14c.; firsts, 12@13c.; prints, Pennsylvania, extra, 26@28c; firsts, 22@24c.; seconds, 17@20c.

CHEESE.—We quote: New York factory, new, choice, 10¾@11c.; do do. fair to good, 10@10¼c. Ohio, new, choice, 8¼@9c.; fair to good, 7½@8c. do. heated, 4½@6½c.: Pennsylvania creamery, part skims, fancy, 5½@6c.; do do. fair to prime, 4@5c.; do do. skims, choice, 3@4c.; do. do. rejected, 1@2c.

EGGS.—Pennsylvania and New Jersey, extra, 19½@20c.; firsts, 19c.: Delaware and Maryland, extra, 19½c.; firsts, 10c.; Western, extra, 19c.; firsts, 18c

LIVE POULTRY.—We quote: Fowls, near-by 16c.; do. Southern and Western, 15@16c.: roosters, old, 8@9c.; Spring, small and medium, 14@15c.; do. large, 16@18c.; turkeys, near by, 12@13c.; do. Southern and Western, 12c.; ducks, near by, 12@13c.: do. Southern and Western, 12c.

VEGETABLES.—We quote: Early rose, Maryland and Delaware, per bbl, 75c.@$1; early rose, Jersey, per bbl., $1@1.25; Jerseys, per basket, 20@25c Onions, per bbl., $2.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beeves, 4100; sheep, 12,000; hogs, 4,200 Previous week—Beeves, 3,500; sheep, 16,000; hogs, 4,100.

BEEF CATTLE were in large supply, and prices declined ¼@½c. ₱ lb., the later rate on the common grades. Quotations: Extra, 6½@6¾c.; good, 6@6¼c.; medium, 5¾@6c.; common, 5@5½c.; Texans, 4½@5¼c.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were fairly active, and prices closed at 7½@9½c, the former rate for common Texans.

DRESSED SHEEP were active and closed at 8½@10c. Lambs were also active at 11½@14c.

FAT COWS were inactive at 3½@4½c.

HOGS were dull at previous rates, but at the close advices from the West showed a marked advance, and the market closed firm. Quotations: Extra, 8¼c.; good, 8¼c.; medium, 8¾c.; common, 8@8¼c.

MILCH COWS were moderately active at $35@65.

SHEEP were moderately active for all grades except common, which were not wanted even at the extreme low price of 2c. ₱ lb.; good stock ewes were in demand at 4½@4¾c. Quotations: Extra, 5@5½c.; good, 4½@4¾c.; medium, 3¾@4¼c.; common, 3@3½c.; culls, 2@2½c., lambs, 3½@8c.

VEAL CALVES were dull at 6@7½c.

WESTERN DRESSED BEEVES were active and closed at 8¾@9½c.

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